

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s.6d. weekly 21 Feb. 1962



**THE
ITALIAN
LINE**



In the Spring Our Man's fancy . . .

In the Springtime of the year, many a thought turns to home decoration. In the latest Sanderson Collection, Our Man matches them to perfection—with the world's most exciting ideas.

At any Sanderson showroom or dealer's, or at your decorator's, you can wander at will through these new wallpaper books. You

will meet there papers to delight you for years—most of them exclusive to the Sanderson ranges. Patterns from the past; ideas for today; a hint of things to come. In brilliant colour or subtle undertones, they are yours for the choosing.

Come along and see for yourself. In his newest collection, you will find that Our

Man has forgotten nothing. However you wish to express yourself, he ensures that you do so triumphantly!

SANDERSON
WALLPAPERS
AND FABRICS



ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LTD. SHOWROOMS: LONDON: BERNERS ST., W.1. GLASGOW: 5-7 NEWTON TERRACE. EDINBURGH: 7 QUEEN ST. LEEDS: 30 LOWER BASINGHALL ST. MANCHESTER: 8 KING ST. LIVERPOOL: 47 RANELAGH ST. BIRMINGHAM: 36 UNION ST. LEICESTER: 81 CHARLES ST. EXETER: HIGH ST. BRISTOL: 4-6 THE HORSEFAIR. SOUTHAMPTON: 65 THE AVENUE. BRIGHTON: 15-19 DYKE RD.

Swiss Couture in

Knitwear

*The irresistible appeal of elegance
and proud distinction of line . . .
expressed with subtle artistry
and incomparable craftsmanship by
Swyzerli Swiss Couture in Knitwear.*

*FLEOLE. Elegant dress and
jacket skilfully tailored in a
dashing check of pure wool
SWYZERLI TWO-WAY KNIT
—so firm, so comfortable. The trim
bands of the dress are echoed
on the jacket.*

31½ gns approx.

Swyzerli®

*Just say Switzer-lee
from Switzerland*

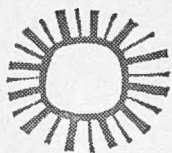


Obtainable throughout the country
at selected stores only

Trade enquiries to the Home of Swiss Couture
BUSER & CO, LTD., Grafton House,
12 Grafton Street, London, W.1.
Telephone MAYfair 5977



A joy to linger in ALSACE LORRAINE VOSGES



A region of scenes from a fairy-tale—fir forests draping rounded hills—romantic castle ruins guarding the vineyards below—unspoiled meadows and streams where Joan of Arc dreamed her dreams—the eighteenth century elegance of Nancy—the roseate splendour of Strasbourg cathedral. Add the modern amenities of Gérardmer, on a great lake deep in the Vosges forests, the excellent hotels and restaurants of this region of wonderful wines and mouth-watering cuisine, and a thousand other joys, and you will always find time too short to linger here as long as you would like.

RESORTS & SPAS

Vittel, Contrexéville, Gérardmer, Longemer, Les Trois Epis.

'ART CITIES'

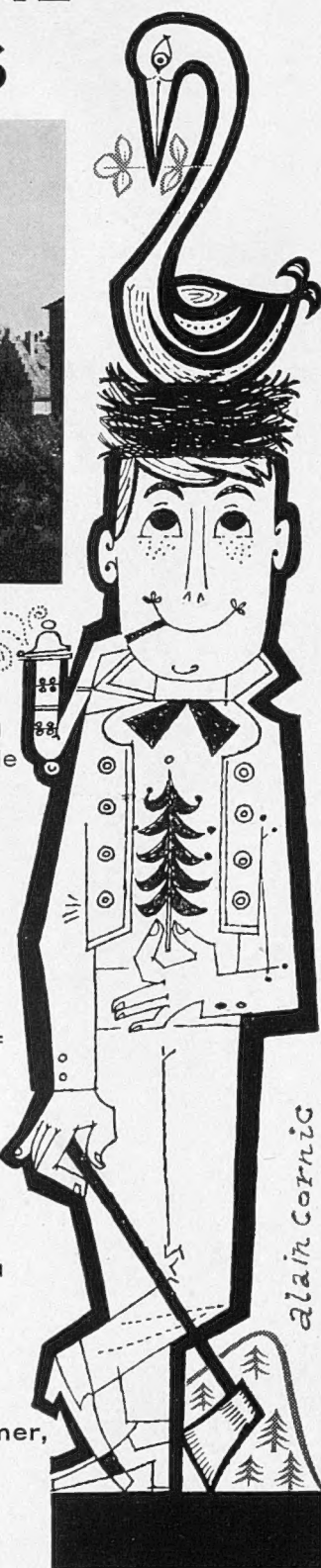
Strasbourg, Nancy, Colmar, Epinal.

CENTRES OF INTEREST

Metz, Verdun, Mulhouse, Bar-le-Duc.

PICTURESQUE VILLAGES

all along the Wine Road of Alsace at the foot of the Vosges.



FRANCE



A different dress for every occasion

Just as Moss Bros have for many years offered men the full benefits of their Evening Wear Hire Service, so they offer women the advantages of being able to choose from a wide selection of fashionable evening gowns in French brocade and other fine materials. Fur wraps and accessories to complement your evening dress are also available.

MOSS BROS

COVENT GARDEN W.C.2

LTD

Book through your travel agent, and for colour booklet with map and hotel prices write

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE
66 Haymarket, London, S.W.1

Open Thursday till 7 p.m.
Nearest station Leicester Square · Branches throughout the country

THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

21 FEBRUARY, 1962

Volume 243 Number 3156

GOING PLACES	400	In Britain
	402	Late: <i>by Iain Craxford</i>
		To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
	404	Abroad: <i>by Doone Beal</i>
SOCIAL	409	The Curzon Cup on the Cresta Run
	410	Muriel Bowen's column
		St. Moritz Bob Sleigh Club
	412	Army Ski Championships
	414	Australian Club Dinner at the Dorchester
	415	Challoner Club Reception
	416	Pineapple Ball at Grosvenor House
FEATURES	418	Tops and bottoms: <i>photographs by Barry Swaebe</i>
	420	Georgian awakening: <i>by Mark Bence Jones</i>
	422	The line-layers: <i>photographs by John Cowan</i>
	428	Lord Kilbracken
COUNTER SPY	427	Gone fishing
FASHION	429	The Italian line
GOOD LOOKS	437	Spring moves: <i>by Elizabeth Williamson</i>
VERDICTS	438	On plays: <i>by Anthony Cookman</i>
	439	On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
		On books: <i>by Siriol Hugh-Jones</i>
	440	On records: <i>by Gerald Lascelles</i>
	443	On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
DINING IN	444	Surprised by veal: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
ROSES & ROSE GROWING	445	More moss roses: <i>by G. S. Fletcher</i>
MOTORING	446	Big Brother watches you
WEDDINGS & ENGAGEMENTS	447	Brides and brides-to-be



Red Riding Hood—Italian style—captures the essence of the new spring and summer collections from Italy. The party cape in scarlet wild silk edged with broderie anglaise in the picture falls to the hips and is worn with brief black silk shorts. A design from the Patrick de Barentzen boutique. Panoramic view of Florence photographed from Piazza di Michelangelo by Johnny Moncada. For Italian Lines see page 429 and for the Line-layers turn to page 422—Elizabeth Dickson reports

Postage: Inland, 41d. Canada, 14d. Foreign, 54d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £7 14s.; Six months (including Christmas number), £3 19s.; (without Christmas number) £3 15s.; Three months (no extras) £1 18s. Corresponding rates for Canada: £7 1s., or 20 dollars, 50 cents; £3 12s. 6d., or 10 dollars, 50 cents; £3 8s. 6d., or 10 dollars; £1 14s. 6d., 5 dollars. U.S.A. (dollars) 22.50; 11.50; 11.00; 5.75. Elsewhere abroad: £7 18s. 6d.; £4 1s.; £3 17s. 6d.; £1 19s.

© 1962 ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LTD. INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAfalgar 7020)

GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Garth Hunt Ball, Skindles Hotel, Maidenhead, 23 February. (Tickets, £2 15s., inc. buffet supper & breakfast, from Mr. G. Snowden, Martin's Heron, Bracknell, Berks.)

Warwickshire Yeomanry (The Queen's Own) Ball, Lygon Arms, Broadway, 23 February.

The Queen will attend the Royal Film Performance of *West Side Story* at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, 26 February.

George Washington Birthday Ball, the Dorchester, 26 February, in aid of the English-Speaking Union Educational Trust. (Tickets, £3 10s., from the Secretary, 37 Charles St., W.1. MAY 7400.)

Winter Ball, the Dorchester, 28 February. (Details, Miss Nancy Scott, PRO 2511 between 9 a.m. & 2 p.m.)

Opera Ball, Dorchester, 1 March. (Tickets, £3 10s., inc. dinner, from Mr. Basil Douglas, 8 St. George's Ter., Regent's Park Rd., N.W.1. PRI 7142.)

Highland Ball, Claridges, 2 March. Tickets from Miss Rosalind Henderson, 100 Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

The Vine Hunt Ball, the Corn Exchange, Newbury. Tickets 3 gns. until 16 February, then £3 10s. from

Mrs. Peter Wiggin, Ashe House, Overton, near Basingstoke, Hants. **Colchester Garrison Beagles Hunt Ball**, Officers' Mess, 2nd Regiment, Royal Artillery, Colchester, 9 March. Tickets, 35s. before 27 February, 40s. after, from Captain A. H. Blount, Abbey House, Colchester.

Royal Artillery Hunt Ball, R.A. Mess, School of Artillery, Larkhill, 9 March. (Tickets, £1 10s., from Capt. C. S. Tofield, C.B. Wing, School of Artillery, Larkhill, Wilts.) **Point-to-points: Newmarket & Thurlow**, Moulton; **Oxford University**, Wroughton; **Sandhurst & Staff College**, Tweseldown, 24 February. **North Norfolk**, Bawdeswell; **Cambridge University United Hunts Club**, Cottenham; **Beaufort**, Didmorton; **North Herefordshire**, Newtown, 3 March.

Cardinals Ball, Guild Hall and Corn Exchange, Cambridge, on 9 March. Tickets from R. C. G. Ross, Secretary, Cardinals, St. Catharine's College, Cambridge. **Army Point-to-Point** at Tweseldown, near Aldershot, 17 March. **Spring Ball**, Grosvenor House, 28 March, for the National Society for Mentally Handicapped Children. Tickets, £2 12s. 6d., from Mrs. K. E. Clay, Appeals Organizer, 125 High Holborn, W.C.1.

Fashion Show in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' & Airmen's Families Association at the Winter Garden, Eastbourne, 2 March at 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. Tickets (and table bookings) from Lady Tollemache, Flat 2, Clover Cottage, South Cliff, Eastbourne, afternoon show, 10s. 6d., evening show, 5s. **British Legion (Chelsea) Bridge Tournament** at the Duke of York's H.Q., King's Road, Chelsea, 28 March. Tickets 2 gns. from Major Geoffrey Mansfield, 22 Elm Park Gardens, Chelsea, S.W.10.

WINTER SPORTS

Grand National on the Cresta Run, St. Moritz, 17 February; **Gala Dinner** and ball, with Paris fashion show at Suvretta House, St. Moritz, 20 February; **The Punch Pot**, Suvretta House Country Club, St.

Moritz, 27-28 February; **Mardi Gras Ball** at Suvretta House, St. Moritz, 6 March.

Jubilee Celebrations, "30 Years of Wengen Ski School," Wengen, 24 February; **Diner de l'Elegance**, Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, with fashion show by Jacques Heim, 24 February; **Ski-School Celebrations**, Mürren, 24, 25 February; **International Eagle Derby**, downhill race from Wasserngrat, for Eagle Club guests, 25 February; **Scottish Kandahar**, Glencoe, 11 March; **Gornergrat Derby**, Zermatt, 16-18 March.

RACE MEETINGS

Steeplechasing: Warwick, Wincanton, tomorrow; Lingfield Park, 23, 24; Stratford-on-Avon, Wetherby, 24; Fontwell Park, 26; Birmingham, 26, 27; Windsor, 28 February, 1 March.

TENNIS

Covered Courts Championship of Gt. Britain, Queen's Club, 19-24 February.

HOCKEY

Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Hurlingham, 24 February.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Dances Concertantes*, *Giselle*, tonight & 1 March; *Les Sylphides*, *Persephone*, *Diversions*, 22 February; *Le Baiser De La Fée*, *Scènes de Ballet*, *The Firebird*, 26 February. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.) **Covent Garden Opera**. *Un Ballo In Maschera*, 23, 27 February, 2 March; *Don Giovanni*, 24, 28 March. 7.30 p.m. **Royal Festival Hall**. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, cond. Rudolf Schwarz, in Bach's *St. John Passion*, 7.30 p.m., tonight; Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, 8 p.m., 22 February; Philharmonia Orchestra & Choir with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf in Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*, 5 p.m., 25 February; Maria Callas, with Philharmonia Orchestra, 8 p.m., 27 February. (WAT 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *La Traviata*, tonight, 24, 27 February; *Iolanthe*, 22 February, 1 March; *The Rake's Progress*, 23 February; *The Magic Flute*, 28 February, 2 March. 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Hintlesham Winter Festival. Chamber opera, *The Telephone* and *Prima Donna*, 7 p.m., 2, 3 March; 3 p.m. 4 March. (Tel.: Hintlesham Hall, nr. Ipswich, 322.)

Rosehill Theatre, Cumberland. Concert by Joan Sutherland (soprano) and Richard Bonyngne (piano), 3 March. (Tickets, P.O. Box 33, Whitehaven. Tel.: Whitehaven 2422.)

ART

Primitives To Picasso, Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. To 7 March.

City of London Art Exhibition, Guildhall. To 7 March.

Old Master Drawings, Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville St., to 24 February.

Mark Tobey, paintings & drawings. Whitechapel Art Gallery, to 4 March.

Florence Martin, animal & plant paintings. Arthur Jeffress Gallery, Davies St. To 23 February.

Francis Milton, watercolours, Comedy Gallery, Oxendon St., Haymarket. To 27 February.

"Wild Australians," photographs. Qantas Gallery, 57 Piccadilly. To 3 March.

"Architectural Initiative," the work of Buckminster Fuller. U.S. Embassy, Grosvenor Sq. To end of month.

Camden Town Group Drawings, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square. To 10 March.

EXHIBITION

"European Classics In Translation," National Book League, Albemarle St., to 9 March.

FIRST NIGHTS

Piccadilly Theatre, *Le Misanthrope*, 26 February; *Jean de la Lune*, 5 March.

Garrick Theatre. *Not To Worry?*, 22 February.

BRIGGS by Graham





At work above on his production of Gilbert & Sullivan's H.M.S. Pinafore which opened at Her Majesty's Theatre last week is Sir Tyrone Guthrie, whose production of the partnership's early nautical opera, The Pirates Of Penzance, opens on Friday. The two operas will be given on alternate weeks conducted by musical director Kenneth Alwyn, seen behind Sir Tyrone. The productions have already been seen in Canada, and the cast includes opera singers Howell Glynne and Marion Studholme. In the scene below, Miss Studholme is Josephine, seated, and the tenor lead (offering smelling salts) is Andrew Downie as Ralph. (Anthony Cookman reviews Pinafore on page 438)

Photographs: Alex Low



GOING PLACES IN PICTURES



Iain Crawford

Our village

THE CLUB AT WHICH YOU CAN SEE MORE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN THAN anywhere else in London does not have a floor show. Indeed, it is only about 10 days since it acquired a dance floor. At Alex Sterling's **The Village** in Lower Sloane Street there is a high percentage of models and actresses among the members and I have never spent an evening there without taking a great deal of visual pleasure in the company. It is a pleasantly relaxed place, a white-washed cellar with plain wood lattice work and panelling, popular with film people, journalists, writers and painters. Alex, who is a photographer, never wears a tie or a jacket and many members take his easy-going lead in clothes. You can go in tails or jeans and no one bothers. Strumming in the bar is Joachim Gomez, one of the most brilliant Spanish flamenco guitarists in London, whose flashing, calloused fingers dance over the strings plucking Spain from the sound-box of his guitar in plaintive lyricism or dark, masculine vibrato which makes your glass of vino (albeit French) taste strangely Iberian and sun-kissed as you drink it.

There is good simple food in the restaurant at reasonable prices—steaks, scampi, bacon and eggs—and you have to be a glutton to spend more than £1 on food. The wine-list is short but drinkable and, like the food, designed to cater for people who like value no matter how much money they may have. On the new dance floor there are any number of distinguished twisters, half-glimpsed familiar faces from big and little screens, gyrating their spinal discs in the slipstream.

It isn't the place for a beat-up, the atmosphere isn't frenzied enough. Indeed one of Alex's most distinguished members, the Maharanee of Jaipur, summed it up when she said to her husband: "Don't let's go out tonight, let's go to The Village."

On Sundays there is modest *chemin de fer*, carefully arranged so that no one can really lose a packet. If you can afford to gamble you can afford to do it here. The maximum stake is £15 and the minimum, 10s., and there is a small table with a 5s. minimum and £5 maximum. The Banker can "garage" after his first winning *coup* and if his stake is the

maximum and he wins he is compelled to "garage" so that multiples of the maximum cannot be built up. It is a much more free and easy game than round the bigger tables in town where small (and large) fortunes change hands.

At the **Hungaria** the latest twist to the Twist is history. In the Lower Regent Street restaurant, Lionel Blair and his company of four dancers trace the dervish-like wriggings back to the twenties, wiggling through the Charleston and Black Bottom, jive and jazz into the twisting sixties. It is amusingly done and Blair's patter song commentary on the infinite variations of the Twist theme are ingenious and entertaining. The Twisted Commercials number where he takes off the TV selling jingles was particularly well-done but the most interesting historical parallel was an unconscious one. One 1962 Twist done to drum beats took the story right back to its beginnings. Head-feathers, leopard skins and assegais were all that was needed to make the imitation of an African tribal war-dance complete.



Doing the Twist at The Village. Watching, on the right, is Miss Bobo Sigrist



John Baker White

Clue to a bargain

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

Bindle's, 3 Milner Street, Chelsea. (KEN 3852.) C.S. Open luncheon and dinner. A new and charming place, the décor is both original and delightful, the welcome friendly. Though the restaurant is quite small—there is also a bar—the tables are not crowded into one another. The cooking is excellent—allow 10s. upwards for the main course. The wine list is short but well chosen. Wine-lovers should look for the bargain; clue, the year 1955. The coffee and *pâté du chef* are good.

Adriatic Festival

From 14 to 24 February the Lo Spiedo restaurant in Piccadilly Circus is to be the scene of an Adriatic Gastronomic Festival. Commendatore Casali is coming over from his restaurant in Cesena to supervise, and a leading Italian chef is coming with him. Risotto with duckling or mussels, stuffed roast pig and the freshly made tortellini will be on the menu. Regional wines to go with them will include the dry red Sangiovese, the dry white Trebbiano Secco and the sweet red Lambrusco.

Holiday centre

King's Lynn contains some of the most beautiful buildings in all Britain, and every street breathes history. It is also an excellent centre from which to see East Anglia, especially in the bulb season. There are two good hotels, the Globe and the Duke's Head, a Trust House, facing each other across Tuesday Market Place. The Globe has a deserved A.A. rosette for its cooking. Spalding is in the Parts of Holland and the centre of the bulb-growing area. You will find a good meal, pleasant service, and well-kept beer at the White Hart, where Mary Queen of Scots once lodged. It has also that admirable institution, a "men only" bar.

In Norwich you can find good Continental cooking at reasonable prices at the Raven's Daughter at the City Hall end of Lower Goat Lane. Open weekdays 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

... and a reminder

Barbizon, 132 Cromwell Road. (FRE 0200.) Good cooking in unpretentious surroundings: 100 yards from the London Air Terminal.

Harrington Hall Hotel, Harrington Gardens. (FRE 4477.) Small restaurant in excellent taste. Cold food a speciality. Open Sundays.

Pastoria, St. Martin's Street. (WHI

8641.) Adrian still in charge and so as good as ever.

Csarda, 77 Dean Street, Soho. (GER 1261.) Good Hungarian cooking. Try the smoked sturgeon.

Overtons, Victoria Station Buildings. (VIC 3774.) Famous for fish.

Coquerico, 303 Brompton Road. (KEN 7898.) Honest French bourgeois cooking.

Aquascutum

OF LONDON



She prefers the AQUASCUTUM look

This suit owes its eye-catching good looks to Aquascutum's superb styling, fabric, fit and finish. TERRY—flattering, semi-fitted lines in wool and worsted suiting, in grey, old gold, pale blue, mid-blue and light checks. 21 guineas. It is just one of the splendid Spring fashions in our newly arrived collection of Aquascutum suits, coats, skirts and rainwear.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.1.
WARWICK HOUSE LTD.



THE new in profile... phantom weight, water-repellent Austrian back-swept Felt Hat. In Black, Brown, Navy, Coffee, White, Tan, Moss Green, Cherry, Powder Blue, Water Green or Cypress Blue. Size 6½ and 7½. **63/-**

MILLINERY GROUND FLOOR *post free*

Hats
into
Spring...

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

FOR Spring—the one hat style that is flattering to every face and every hair-do... Pill box in self coloured flowers and net. In Black, Navy, Coffee, Cherry, Sapphire, Moss Green, White, Pink, Ice Blue and Cypress Blue. **90/-**

MILLINERY GROUND FLOOR *post free*





Doone Beal

The platinum standard

"Blinding white... silver-sanded... platinum... ivory... sugar-pink..." —the wretched travel writer is hard put to find new words to describe what is, quite simply, a coral beach. This, the geological expression, seems insufficiently extravagant to convey the shock of delight on seeing, whether for the first or the umpteenth time, that particular bonus of nature. It is invariably partnered by the kind of aquamarine water that owes its colour to the white sea-bed below it; often as not with the added complement of a temperature in the 70s, blue sky and hibiscus, even in Europe. Small wonder that it goes to the head. Yet in fact, the adjectives are not loosely chosen: I have often matched the colour of the water when I was swimming through it to an aquamarine ring, and I still keep my envelope full of Eleutheran sand with which to confound the sceptics.

Maybe these perfect coral beaches, running in odd strips over the earth's surface around places as diverse as Miami and Mersa Matruh, the Seychelles and Sardinia—are a harsh standard by which to judge the many ordinary golden-to-brown ones, often admirably equipped, as are those of the Côte d'Azur. Nevertheless, the coral kind are their own particular miracle. What matters most, in this context, is the places— islands, for the most part—in which one can find them. So, eschewing the adjectives I should like to use, have used in the past and will no doubt use the next time I feel those seductive, talcum-powder sands running between my toes, here is a practical, prosaic list. A list of some of the beaches that conform to the platinum standard, limited to those with hotels either on, or very close to them.

THE BAHAMAS: Closest to Nassau, the newly named Paradise (Hog) Island, on which Huntingdon Hartford's sumptuous new Paradise Island Club opens this week. Among many other superlative beaches in the Out Islands: French Leave, Eleuthera; Picaroon Cove, at Governor's Harbour, also on Eleuthera; and Peace and Plenty, in Exuma.

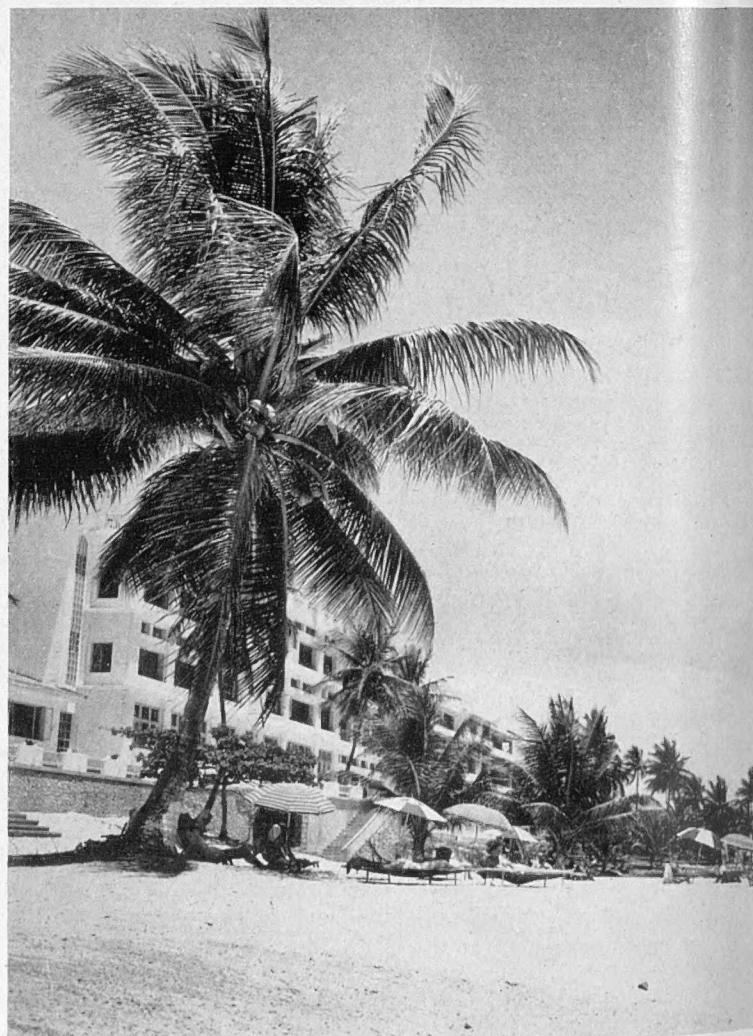
THE VIRGIN ISLANDS: Bluebeard's Beach, on St. Thomas, with a Beach Club of the same name, is about 30 minutes' drive from Charlotte Amalie, capital of the U.S. Virgin Islands.

THE WEST INDIES: Antigua: The entire island is coral-sanded. There is Long Bay, with hotels Antigua Horizons and Long Bay; Half Moon Bay, with a hotel of the same name; Dickenson Bay, with hotels Anchorage, Trade Winds and Caribbean Beach Club; Coolidge Bay, with the Lord Nelson Club. Barbados: On the St. James' coast, Coral Reef, Colony Club, Miramar and Sandy Lane Hotels. A little farther on, at St. Peter's, Eastry House. Grenada: On Grand Anse Beach, two hotels: Silver Sands and Spice Island Inn. The Grenadines: On Bequia Island, the Sunny Caribbee Hotel.

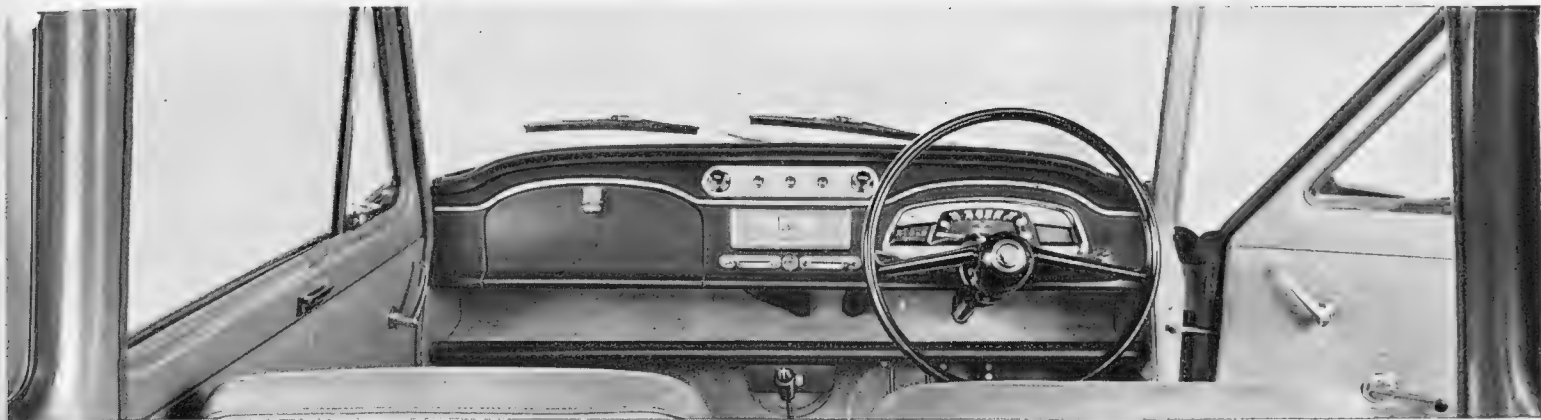
BERMUDA: Carlton Beach Hotel—new and luxe—in Southampton; Elbow Beach Surf Club on Elbow Beach, in Paget parish; and Pink Beach, a ritzy cottage settlement on Pink Beach, in Hamilton parish. **IN EUROPE:** Majorca: Formentor, with its solitary (but super) hotel of the same name. Just around the point from Cala Ratjada and the small Miravista Hotel is Cala Figuera beach, where pink coral is actually washed up at the water's edge. Sardinia: At Porto Conte, the El Pini Hotel; at Santa Margherita, the Is Morus; at Caprera, a Club Méditerranée and at Cala Gonone, the small, simple Bue Marina.

The Greek Islands: Paros: Kamini beach is just across the bay from the Xenia Hotel, with more beauties within easy reach by caique on the adjacent island of Anti-Paros. Thasos: Paplimmani beach and Makriamos beach are both easily reached by boat from the Xenia Hotel, in the harbour. Skiathos: the immense stretch of beach at Koukounarries, on which a new Xenia hotel opens this summer.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The coral sands of Jamaica with the added delights of coloured umbrellas and a millionaire background. Top: The beach at Thasos, a Greek island with civilized amenities



THE NEW A40 HAS EXPANDED INWARDS

MORE INSIDE Get into an Austin A40 Mark II. Experience a new kind of comfort. Austin have laid on the luxuries with the completely restyled trim and facia. You can stretch at the back. Your long legs really find their length. You'd swear the A40 had expanded. First spell at the wheel clinches it. Start up the engine of the new A40. Purr into the seventies. You have more power. Greater acceleration.

NO MORE OUTSIDE The Austin A40 remains the same ideal size as the old one. All the expansion has taken place within. The A40 is still the ideal shape for parking and threading through tangled traffic. The price remains as small-car as ever. The A40's got the best of both worlds with these brilliant new features.

PRICES BASIC, £450 plus £207.9.9 P.T. and Surcharge;
SUPER DE LUXE, £475 plus £218.18.11 P.T. and Surcharge.

EXTRAS ON SUPER DE LUXE INCLUDE: *Fitted carpet throughout. Stainless-steel window surrounds. Opening rear quarter-windows. Bumper over-riders. Passenger sun visor. Windscreen washer. Water-temperature gauge. All new Austin cars have anchorage points for seat belts.*

NEW Longer wheelbase (31½") gives greater passenger comfort.

NEW Anti-roll bar on the front and telescopic rear dampers.

NEW Easy-action, wind-down windows.

NEW Fully hydraulic brakes on all four wheels.

NEW Completely restyled facia with glove-box lid/picnic tray.

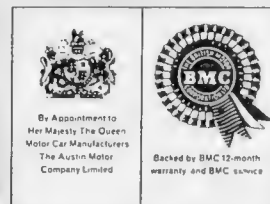
NEW Trafficators that cancel themselves after cornering.

NEW Restyled, full-width radiator grille.

NEW S.U. Carburettor gives increased b.h.p.

NEW Fully folding rear seat gives more luggage room.

Personal Exports Division: 41-46 Piccadilly, London, W.1 • THE AUSTIN MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • LONGBRIDGE • BIRMINGHAM



NEW AUSTIN A40^{MK II}
you invest in an Austin

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND: At Rosapenna, Co. Donegal, is one of the most amazing series of beaches, technically the platinum-standard equivalent of any I know. Alas, the climate rarely measures up to them, but a first-class golf course and the comfort of Rosapenna Hotel both compensate. Tresco: In the Scilly Islands. Beaches and climate are to standard, the one hotel attractive; actual sea-water, though, is icy.

HONG KONG: Among many good beaches, Repulse Bay, just over the hill from Victoria on Hong Kong island: the Repulse Bay Hotel.

MAURITIUS: The Indian Ocean laps the shores of this island that has so much in common with the Caribbean, which is where we started. Hotels on the beach: Le Chaland and Morne Plage.

How to get there: Return air fares listed on the minimum basis, Economy and Night Tourist where applicable:

Nassau: B.O.A.C. by Boeing, £212 17s.; by Britannia, £192 18s. Cunard Eagle, Britannias only, £192 18s.

St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands: Pan American via New York: By

Boeing, £235 return; by DC7C, £217 8s.

Antigua: B.O.A.C.: By Boeing, £252; by Britannia, £232 15s. Direct flights also from New York by Pan American.

Barbados: B.O.A.C.: By Boeing, £252; by Britannia, £232 15s.

Grenada: B.O.A.C./B.W.I.A.: £264 18s., including jet flight Barbados; £242 8s. by Britannia to Barbados, thereafter DC3 in either instance.

Bermuda: By B.O.A.C. Boeing, £199 7s. By B.O.A.C. or Cunard Eagle Britannia, £154 17s.

Majorca: B.E.A., £29 15s.

Sardinia, B.E.A., £43 8s.

Athens: B.E.A., Olympic Airways: £84 12s.

Dublin: B.E.A. and Aer Lingus, £12 18s.

Hong Kong: B.O.A.C. (Comet), £374 8s.

Mauritius: B.O.A.C. (Britannia via Nairobi), £309 12s.

Scilly Islands: B.E.A. from Penzance: £3.

Majorca, the Mediterranean-washed Paguera beach



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



THE TATLER
21 FEBRUARY 1962
409

THE CLASSIC CRESTA



To the initiate no thrill competes with riding—or watching—the Cresta. The day's sport begins early, before the strong, bright sunshine of the Engadine can melt the surface ice and make the going perilous. The runs are over for the day at noon by which time speeds of well over 60 m.p.h. have often been recorded. Setting off here is veteran Italian rider Nino Bibbia, winner of this year's Curzon Cup event. Bibbia, most versatile of winter sportsmen, has before this scored victories in both the Cresta classics—the Curzon and the Grand National. Muriel Bowen reports overleaf from St. Moritz with more pictures by Desmond O'Neill



Mr. R. H. Dickinson and Miss Mary Brown-Swinburne. Right: Mr. & Mrs. John Crammond with Sq.-Ldr. C. N. C. Mitchell



Left: Ivon Moore-Brabazon, 15, of the famous Cresta family, had his first season this year. He is seen with his father the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon

Mrs. Christina Fischbacher, Miss Bibi Sokal, Mrs. C. F. Krabbe and the Hon. Mrs. Derek Moore-Brabazon



Miss Sally Ringling from Rome was a Cresta watcher. She is a descendant of the American circus family



THE CLASSIC CRESTA... *continued*



Mr. Robin Seel was runner up in the Cresta Cup

& A DAY ON THE BOBS

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS FROM ST. MORITZ

POLO IS THE NEW CRAZE AT ST. MORITZ. THEY started it two years ago with red and black balls. Unfortunately it wasn't a success. Quick turns in the snow proved too dangerous for the ponies. Now, after the success of last year the St. Moritz summer polo tournament is firmly established. So firmly in fact that Mr. Peter Kasper, the man who virtually runs the place, has been to Buckingham Palace to see Prince Philip, and invite him to play in the tournament. "He told me that the end of July is always a difficult time for him but that he would like to come sometime," Mr. Kasper told me. "We're hoping very much that he will come in 1963. We will of course provide ponies, and we're certain he'd enjoy himself." Indeed Prince Philip was so taken by the way the Swiss are building up interest in polo—the provision and training of ponies, etc.—that he sent Mr. Kasper along to meet his friend, Viscount Cowdray. Though nothing is definite there is a good possibility that a team from England, mounted by the Swiss, will take part in this year's tournament at St. Moritz.

The Cresta gives St. Moritz its special gloss. The Run is invariably the biggest talking point among visitors, who in the last few weeks have included Lady Forteviot, Lord Brabazon of Tara, and Mr. & Mrs. Sidney Bernstein. Indeed the Cresta is the only attraction in St. Moritz which gets people out of their beds at 7.30 a.m. Huddled up, often shivering, they stand along the icy channel which is the Cresta and watch brave men hurtle down on toboggans, their faces almost touching the ice. The Hon. Mrs. Derek Moore-Brabazon was out most mornings to watch. The name Brabazon is the most famous on the Cresta and her 15-year-old son Ivon was having his first season as a Cresta rider. He had 18 rides, getting his speeds down from 88 seconds to 51, so it looks as if grandfather will have to look to his laurels. "I was terrified in case he would not like it," his mother told me. "But he got to the end first time with his face wreathed in smiles. He said it was the most exciting thing he had ever done." This year's Cresta was built differently, not so fast, but with corners calling for more skilful negotiation. There have been an awful lot of falls so far but the worst that any of the riders suffered was a shaking. Our best performer, Squadron-Leader Colin Mitchell, who spends his entire annual leave Cresta riding

told me that the best place to have a crash is Shuttlecock. "They expect you to crash at Shuttlecock, so they put straw on the other side of the bank and it's all quite comfortable!" he told me. The same loving care isn't given to Brabazon farther down, where you can go zooming over a snow bank on to an icy cliff beyond. When I questioned the lack of a straw bed for the Brabazon fallers, I was told: "Well, if you were going to fall you should come off at Shuttlecock!"

The Cresta Run's character of the moment is dark, volatile, Nino Bibbia, a local greengrocer. Our Robin Seel got the better of him in the Heaton Gold Cup, but otherwise Bibbia was supreme. In the very early morning he goes round the hotels, calling at the tradesmen's entrance with his load of vegetables. By 9 a.m. he's on the Cresta, his wife carrying on the family business in his absence. Then, late afternoon, he is back at the big hotels again (front door this time) to enjoy the company and hospitality of his Cresta colleagues. Bibbia is now in his late forties; as a young man he won all the St. Moritz ski-ing events. Then he went down the Bob Run to become the best bobbler of them all. Since trying the Cresta it has been the same story. He reckons on two years more there before moving on to curling. The curlers are apprehensive! Another Cresta personality is big, burly, Air Marshal R. A. Ramsay Rae. He's been putting up some good times. Indeed when I arrived at the Cresta Run the announcer was calling out: "The clock has broken down, but the Air Marshal is still leading. . . ." I expected to find grey hairs but in fact he looks a bit young for an Air Marshal. And having an Air Marshal riding was a tremendous fillip to the Royal Air Force officers, who outshine the other Services on the Cresta. They included Flight-Lieut. Peter Jones (Mrs. Jones was a spectator), Squadron-Leader Charles Boyer, Flight-Lieut. Don Knight, Flight-Lieut. Bill Stoker, Flight-Lieut. Richard Clayton-Jones, and Flight-Lieut. ("Paddy") Mulooly who was honeymooning. Mrs. Mulooly not only watched her husband ride but noted the technique of the other riders. "That way I find I can give him some very good tips," she told me. It puzzled me why the Royal Air Force men should ride the Cresta with such

CONTINUED ON PAGE 413



Wing-Commander D. Evans, captain of the R.A.F. bob team, at the wheel, with his brakeman F/O M. S. Boyle, set off down the run for the first time. Below: F/O Mike Freeman and Miss R. S. Huxley. Bottom: Flt.-Lt. & Mrs. G. G. Blockey





The Duke of Kent (right) raced in some of the events



Mrs. Darel Carey, whose husband was a competitor



Lt.-Col. R. B. Readhead, vice-chairman and hon. secretary of the Army Ski Association, commented



Lord Robertson of Oakridge

THE ARMY ON SKIS



Capt. D. S. Carey, captain of the Army ski team, completes the downhill course



Mr. P. H. Norman of the R.A.C. team, & Miss Tessa Norris



Mrs. W. H. O. Hutchison & Capt. S. L. Drysdale, representatives of the Ski Club of Great Britain in St. Moritz



Mrs. John Bardsley & Miss Alicia Clyde

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 411

elan and success, but Air Marshal Ramsay Rae summed up their success in a nutshell. "They're nearly all jet pilots," he said. "It takes a certain sensitivity, timing and rhythm and these are all things one needs to be a good jet pilot."

PLANS AND PEOPLE

Cresta spectators will welcome the new pavilion which it is hoped to provide by next season. A large room for them is planned for upstairs. Picture windows giving a full view of the sun are also in the plans, and provision for liquid restoration of the inner man in the rawness of the early morning. Mr. Fairchild's McCarty, the Cresta's tireless and accomplished secretary, tells me: "We are not having any grand clubhouse; we're not planning anything like Caviglia (a skiers' club in the mountains above St. Moritz). The Cresta has always been an active sportsmen's club and we are determined to keep it that way." At Suvretta House the galas were going great guns and attracting people from the villas and also from St. Moritz itself about a mile away. Suvretta is more like an English country house than any Continental hotel I've ever stayed at. There are masses of flowers (arranged amusingly in snug varnished oak cradles in the hall), quiet and dedicated service, and they do make a good pot of tea! Sir Archibald & Lady Edmonstone were staying there. "We're trying to ski, but kept busy with our small child," she told me.

Others there during my visit and before it included Lady Duke-Elder, Col. & Mrs. Bill Murray-Laws, Sir Robert & Lady Hobart, Mr. & Mrs. Charles Guy (his entry in kilt and Rob Roy stockings was enough for the band at one of the galas to strike up "Scotland The Brave"), and the Mir & Ranee of Hunza. The Mir, a nice, jolly man who never stopped smiling, is descended from Alexander the Great, and ruler of 40,000 Hunzukuts without Parliament or police! What brought him to St. Moritz? "Sight see." Also at Suvretta were: Viscountess Boyne, Mr. & Mrs. H. O. Bailey from Birmingham, Mr. & Mrs. Robert Belinger (honeymooning and skating), Mr. Peter Sellers, Mr. & Mrs. S. Cameron from Glasgow, Sir Ralph Richardson and Sir Hugh & Lady Fraser. There was a special curling competition for which Sir Hugh gave vouchers entitling the winners to the best

make of Scottish sweater. A Swiss team won. It was a near thing though, with Mr. Douglas Tovey, the property financier, playing the game of his life and Sir Hugh's brother-in-law, Dr. David Robertson, trying so hard. They were the runners-up. Two more guests were Mr. & Mrs. John Pearce. He had his leg in plaster and told a good story of his wife waiting on the slopes, camera at the ready as he skied past. She was so shocked when she saw him coming instead on the rescue service sleigh that she forgot to press the button! Somehow, though, I don't think the accident will stop him from returning to St. Moritz next year.

PARTY FOR CURLERS

Despite the rather frantic social life that goes on I found conversation in the evenings at the Kulm Hotel centred on the peaceful sport of curling. The best of the curling parties was given by Mr. & Mrs. Henry Martineau. It attracted, among others, Sir Gordon & Lady Richards and their daughter, "Little Marjorie," Mr. & Mrs. F. Krabbe, and their daughter Mrs. Ursula Kennedy-Moffatt, the Mayor of St. Moritz (a man of great charm who told me that his main job was meeting people), Mr. & Mrs. John Crammond, and Sir Louis & Lady Gluckstein. Sir Louis is greatly revered in St. Moritz curling circles. A few years ago he brought the Jackson Cup, blue riband of curling, back to St. Moritz after it had gone to other centres during the war. They will never stop thanking him for that. He's a fine curler himself, winning one event for which the prize was a handsome Swiss clock. A civilized clock too, it doesn't alarm. There has been a huge increase he tells me in the number of people curling over the last few years. Sir Louis recommends it for young and old, but especially for politicians. "It teaches them patience!" The Kulm is very much the centre of the local universe of curlers and Cresta riders. Staying there at the time were Miss Lilli Palmer, the Hon. Derek Moore-Brabazon and his family, Sir Nicholas & Lady Nuttall (she was hotel-bound part of the time with flu) and Princess Maria Christina of Savoy-Aosta. The Duke of Kent was at the Chesa Badrutt, a small hotel recommended by his mother, Princess Marina, who stayed there as a girl. Also in St. Moritz were Miss Anne Townsend, the international show jumper who was looking wonderfully bronzed (as well as the famous

Bandit and Yorkshireman she has a new Swedish horse to jump this year and she's been hunting him with the V.W.H. recently), Capt. Lord Chetwode, Capt. Lord Fermoy, Miss Penelope Moreton and the Marquess of Hamilton, who had set himself an energetic schedule—ski-ing in the morning, bob riding in the afternoon.

THE ARMY CELEBRATES

The Inter-Service Championships provided good ski-ing and good parties. The Army followed up its success of last year and Lady Lees presented the cup to Capt. Darel Carey of the Blues. The presentation took place at a party given by the Combined Services Winter Sports Association at the Staffani Hotel. It was a gay and informal sort of party held against a background of glittering giant copper kettles and huge Alpine horns. While Capt. Carey was being congratulated on his brilliant slalom, Mrs. Carey, a very pretty blonde, was being congratulated on her photography. Running like a hare in rather icy snow she managed to photograph her husband going through an awful lot of those gates. To set off the presentations there was a speech with the nice original turn of phrase one would expect of the man who commands the Royal Marines. Maj.-Gen. Reginald Leathes, surveying those of us assembled with bandaged fingers, cut faces, etc., said: "If your times did not quite match your hopes and expectations, or if by any chance you fell over, I can assure you that you could have no more sympathetic audience than you have in this room. . . ." Many of those already mentioned were at the party, and also Lt.-Col. & Mrs. R. B. Readhead—he told me that 1,600 Servicemen or former Servicemen and their families will ski in St. Moritz this year—Lt.-Col. Bill Murphy, Mr. Lewis Drysdale who told me he managed a bit of ski-ing in his garden in Crieff before going to St. Moritz, Maj.-Gen. Stanley Joslin, the Chief Inspector of Nuclear Stations and a steady skier who brought his wife and their daughter, Susan, Mr. & Mrs. Tyke Richardson, Col. & Mrs. Vincent Budge, Lt.-Col. Hugh Tennant, and General Lord Robertson of Oakridge & Lady Robertson. While Lady Robertson was hotel-bound with flu her husband got on with his ski-ing lessons. He was in a class known to everybody as "The Generals' Ski Class," though pretty girls outnumbered the two generals in it.

The Duke of Gloucester, president of the Australia Club, attended their annual dinner at the Dorchester where Mr. Duncan Sandys was guest of honour



The Duchess of Devonshire



Sir Eric Harrison, Australian High Commissioner, & Viscountess Slim



London occasions

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

MARKING AUSTRALIA DAY

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were received by Viscount & Viscountess Slim



Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty & Lady Fogarty

Sir Charles Russell, Bt., the new chairman of the Challoner—Britain's leading Roman Catholic club—met members at a reception at the club in Pont Street

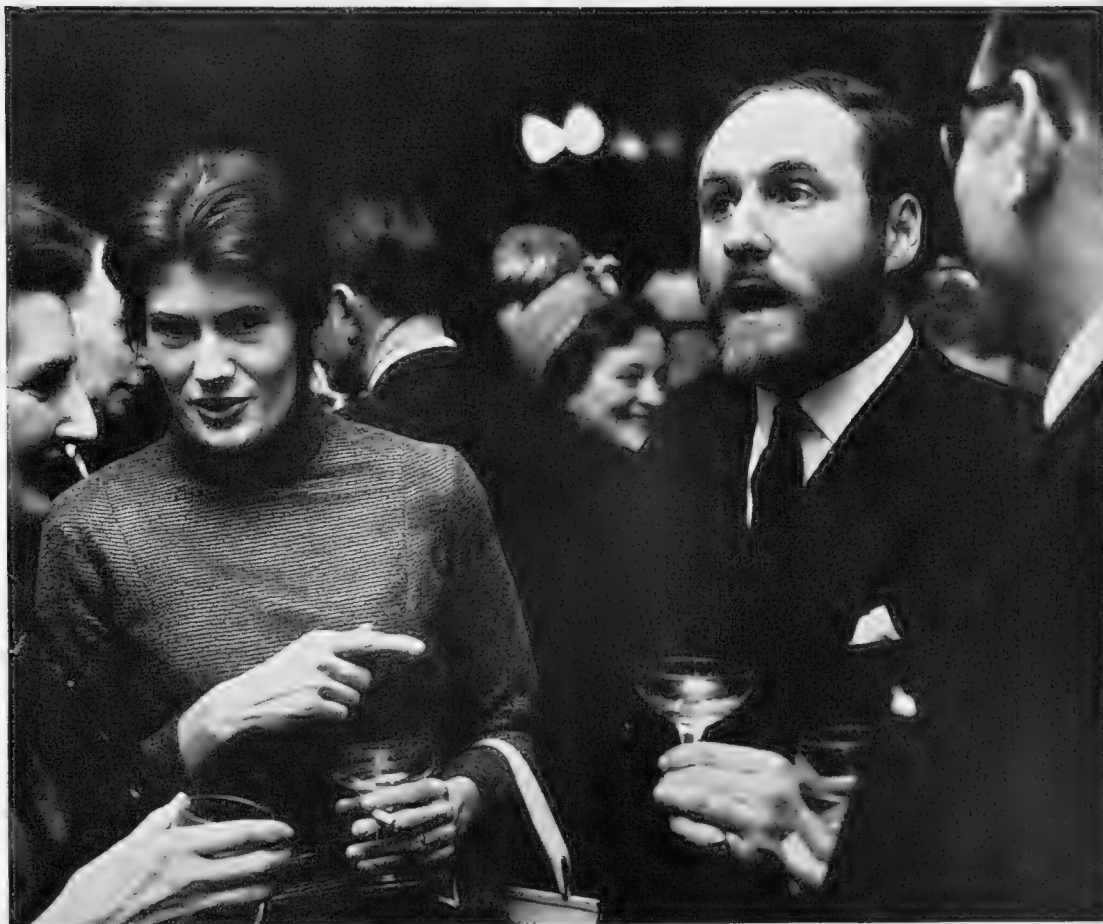


☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

MEETING THE NEW CHAIRMAN

☆☆ ☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Right: Lord & Lady Craigmyle. He is the 12-metre yachtsman. Top right: The Hon. Mrs. Robson and Judge D. H. Robson from Leicester. Below: The Hon. John & Mrs. Addington



Right: Mrs. P. Campbell-Moody with Sir Charles Russell, the barrister who is the new chairman of the club



Mrs. Rudi Weissweiler



Lady Russell wife of the club chairman

The Earl of Iddeleigh



AT THE PINEAPPLE BALL



Mrs. Anthony Lumsden-Cook, wife of the ball's chairman, with Mr. & Mrs. John Parker

The ball—to help Stowe Club for boys—took place at Grosvenor House



Miss Ann Lloyd-Davies & Mr. Michael Wordsworth



Mr. D. Crichton-Miller, Headmaster of Stowe and president of the ball, with his wife



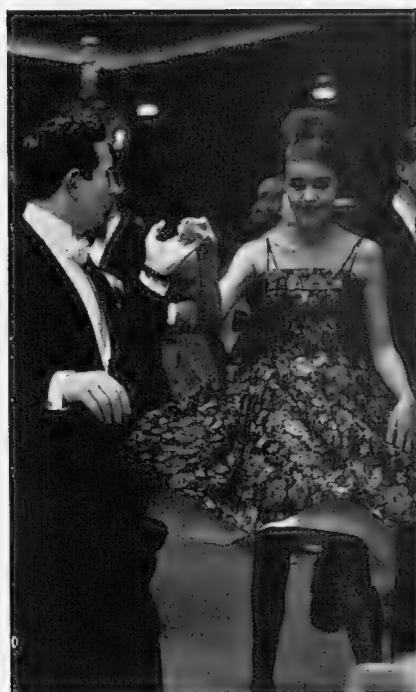
Mr. David Farmer & Miss June MacLellan



Mr. Noel Seligman & Mrs. John Dashwood. Above right: Mr. R. S. Symes & Miss Sonia Burge arrive. Programmes were sold by boys from the Stowe Club



Miss Margaret Duckett & Dr. Michael Davys



Mr. Timothy Piper & Miss Lesley Lawson

Photographs by BARRY SWAEBE



Miss Christina Stansfeld & Mr. Richard Baggaley. Right: Miss Anne Thomson & Mr. Rory Watherston with pineapple



Mr. Michael Denison draws lucky numbers, ball chairman Mr. Anthony Lumsden-Cook announces winners, a boy from the Stowe Club holds the prizes

HEIGHTS & DEPTHS

High-flying man is S/Ldr. John Howe, former commander of No. 74 Squadron, R.A.F., whose English Electric Lightnings operated at 55,000 feet at speeds of around 1,500 m.p.h. Known as the Tiger Squadron, they were seen by the public in aerobatic displays at Farnborough. S/Ldr. Howe, a South African aged 32, reached these heights after a varied flying career. He served in Korea with the South African Air Force, and at the end of his tour was attached to the American Infantry (he holds the American D.F.C. and Air Medal). Joining the R.A.F. in 1954, he flew Hunters with No. 43 Squadron from 1957 to 1959, and served with No. 40 Royal Marine Commando during the Suez campaign of 1956. S/Ldr. Howe, who is married, is at present stationed at Stanmore



Deep-diving man (actual performance details are on the strictly secret list) is Lt.-Cdr. Barnaby Samborne, R.N., the recently appointed commander of Dreadnought, the Royal Navy's first nuclear submarine. Now fitting out at Barrow, Dreadnought will be in commission before the end of the year. She will have a complement of 11 officers and 77 ratings, and her primary role will be as a submarine hunter-killer. Cdr. Samborne, aged 37, entered Dartmouth in 1938. He saw service on Russian and Malta convoys in 1942, during which he was mentioned in despatches, and since 1947 has served almost continuously in submarines, having commanded H.M.S. Sturdy, Tabard, and Trenchant. He is married, with three children, and lives at Hayling Island



IRELAND'S GEORGIAN AWAKENING

IRELAND IS ALWAYS 30 YEARS BEHIND ENGLAND; I say this as an Irishman and it is rather a compliment. For example, there were elegant Georgian houses being built in Ireland even after the Great Exhibition. But it cuts both ways. Ireland is only just out of the 1920s with the same mentality that in England, 30 years ago, caused the destruction of so much of London's Georgian architecture. Whereas in England Georgian architecture has been more or less sacrosanct since the war, in Ireland several fine Georgian country houses and great stretches of Georgian streets in Dublin have been pulled down in the last ten years. And one can see minor acts of vandalism everywhere, like a Georgian doorway in one of Dublin's finest squares being replaced by a doorway of stainless steel.

But now at last Ireland is awakening to the value of her heritage. A Georgian wind of change has started to blow; and issuing, as it were, from the lips of a Zephyrus carved by Rysbrack, it has reached gale force. This change has largely been brought about by the Irish Georgian Society which has grown in a spectacular way since it was re-founded in 1958 and now has members on both sides of the Channel and the Atlantic. The moving spirits in the new Georgian Society are Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Guinness, a young couple who practise what they preach. Too many people who agitate for the

preservation of large country houses themselves live in flats in London. But Mr. and Mrs. Guinness live in a large castle, which was in a bad state of repair when they bought it a few years ago. Doing it up took plenty of hard work; but the result is most successful and shows people that large houses can still be lived in. Others are following their example and buying houses which, a few years ago, would have gone to the breakers. When a fine house is on the market, the Georgian Society does its best to find a suitable buyer. There is a growing feeling that the craze for handy-sized houses has gone too far. Members of the Society, when being shown round a stately home in England, sometimes startle the guide and the other visitors by saying in a loud voice: "I can't think *how* anyone can live in such a *small* house." This may be *folie de grandeur*; but it is also good propaganda. Too many people who could well afford to live in a large house don't do so through idleness or lack of imagination. It has become socially O.K. to live in a small house; if it were not, many people would move back to large houses. The Irish Georgian Society is doing its best to make large houses become a status symbol once again. Recently, a rich man bought a fine estate as an investment, but didn't know what on earth to do with the house. "Why not live in it?" suggested the Georgian Society.

Of course, large houses need money; and so

far, country houses in Southern Ireland have none of the Government support that they have over here and without which opening houses to the public would not be worth while. But at last the Irish Government is realising the value of country houses as a tourist attraction. Tourists want something to see. They can see villas and palaces in Italy, châteaux in France and country houses in England. They have heard of the wonderful Irish Georgian houses, but in Southern Ireland there are only about two open to the public. A tourist who doesn't happen to go near one or other of these houses has to make do with ruined keeps and abbeys that are all very much ruined and round towers whose only variation is whether or not they have a roof. Let's face it, the Celtic Twilight can get rather dim. Even now, the Georgian Society arranges tours of houses in which many visitors to Ireland take part; and in Dublin there are tours of Georgian buildings in horse-drawn carriages.

The Georgian Society is encouraging people to make the best of their houses. Various members have toured the country with the energy of a Cobbett or an Arthur Young. Many an old lady living by herself in a large house has been surprised and rather touched by the arrival of some charming young people who ask if they could possibly see the chimneypiece in her morning-room. She hadn't realised there was anything wonderful about it; in fact she had

BY MARK BENCE-JONES



often thought of replacing it with one of those nice modern fireplaces made of tiles (they give so much more heat!). But after the young people have gazed at it in admiration she will do no such thing; in fact she begins to show it off to her friends. It is more difficult to persuade people to remove the accretions of later years. Nevertheless, it is being done. The glass porch, *such a blessing* with the Irish weather as it is. But when its owner realises how lovely is the fanlight which it hides, down it comes. One is, in the words of Pope, "Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door." The rusty cast-iron stove at the foot of the grand staircase with its flue pipe rising into the high heaven like Jack's beanstalk is a favourite feature of the Irish country house. But now at last people realise how much more beautiful the view of the staircase ceiling would be without it; so away it goes. Antlers and stuffed heads are coming down to reveal the plasterwork behind them; though there may be wives who on seeing some naked Aphrodite thus brought to light would prefer the stuffed heads.

Then there is the problem of plate glass windows. There are quite a few people in Ireland who still admire the great sheets of glass put in by their grandparents (perhaps they are not old-fashioned after all, but were anticipating the Picture Window) and who honestly believe that Georgian glazing bars would spoil the view.

But in a number of houses the glazing bars are going back. A munificent and public-spirited don at Trinity College Dublin has even offered to pay for the re-Georgianising of other people's windows.

The next thing is to get people to pick out eighteenth-century plasterwork in the correct colours. One noble lord, on seeing his drawing-room newly picked out, said, "It reminds me of a tart's boudoir." But most people now realise what a difference the original colouring makes to a Georgian room; so more and more rooms are being redone, not only in country houses but also in Dublin. Recently, the Georgian assembly room under the Gate Theatre was redecorated in the correct colours. This room is not just a show piece used for special functions, like the Assembly Rooms at York; there are dances in it most weeks. Not many years ago it would have been painted cream and indeed there was a threat to reconstruct it in the modern style. But now, thanks to the enterprise of the present management, the young people of Dublin can jive in a perfect Georgian hall.

Temples, follies, mausoleums and monuments have all come into fashion. Neglected statues are being bought up, derelict temples are being moved stone by stone and pillar by pillar. One or two people are actually thinking of building artificial ruins. As well as all this, Ireland is

beginning to think Georgian. The Georgian Society has lectures on all manner of Georgian subjects, ranging from Mrs. FitzHerbert to body-snatching. Every year there is a Georgian cricket match, which takes place in front of a Georgian country house and in which all the players wear Georgian dress. There are Georgian balls. A real Georgian theatre is being restored for the Wexford Festival. The chief Dublin hotels have redecorated their rooms in Georgian style. There are Georgian Christmas cards and Georgian calendars. According to one writer, Ireland is developing a Georgian snobbery. Soon you will be Out if your house isn't Georgian. You must make your house appear Georgian even if it isn't. Nearly every house in Ireland is called Georgian by its wishful-thinking owner. The practice people had of incorporating an old dated stone into a later rebuilding encourages this fond belief. "It was built in 1740, the date is over the front door," says the owner proudly, not realising that the only thing 1740 about the house is the stone on which the date is written. And indoors, everything is attributed to the Brothers Adam, or as people say, "Adams"; making of them a vague composite figure. Robert Adam seems to be regarded as the progenitor of all Georgian rooms just as his namesake was the progenitor of mankind. If one says that a room might in fact be by Wyatt its owner is quite offended.

DRAWING BY TIMOTHY



THE LINE

LAYERS

Who dreams up the Italian line and who lays it down? Elizabeth Dickson talked to eleven of the men and women responsible. John Cowan took the pictures. For the line itself turn to page 429

Fabiani, the husband of Simonetta, is a couturier who shuns publicity. Tailoring was the family business and after the war he took over as manager showing his Collection for the first time to American press and buyers at Florence in 1951. Success followed, and two seasons later both America and Canada claimed him as their own with a patent right from Holt Renfrew in Montreal and Toronto on all of the Fabiani models.

Today Fabiani creates and works on designs in a personal manner, thinks his ideas out in an isolated, sound-proof room at the back of his atelier and conceals his themes even from his wife. As the workroom pace increases in preparation for a Collection, Fabiani becomes increasingly cool—often disappearing for a whole afternoon to be found playing flippers in the bar at the end of the street. Yet it all pays off; today his fabulous suits and evening gowns are found in the well-stocked wardrobes of personalities like Countess Crespi, Donna Antonella Agnelli and actress Merle Oberon.

Marquis Emilio Pucci (right), a shrewd-eyed Venetian aristocrat, lives in the blue and gold Pucci Palace in Florence and is newly-married. Pucci began his highly successful designing career turning out super ski togs for friends in Switzerland, went on to make his name with silk shirts and faultlessly tailored silk trews in glaring colours, medieval prints, and kept his reputation with a steady output of leisure clothes that are all fun, razzle-dazzle and colour. This season his line is the low-slung printed cotton pants seen around St. Trop last summer, but worn now with sleeveless lissom silk sweaters and not ruffles of broderie anglaise. Pucci's playclothes add glamour to any girl on a beach, whatever the shape of her figure.





Brioni (*left*) is now best-loved and smartest of the Roman tailors, one of the most formidable campaigners to get men out of Edwardian cut-aways and Savile Row pinstripes. A Roman, Brioni started a small shop in the early 30s with two partners but it was not until after the war that the boutique went into full swing. In 1947 Angelo Vittucci joined the business as a junior, to climb the ladder to his present position as business manager handling all the export side. Two years ago Brioni and Vittucci started the Roman Style—mass-produced copies of handmade suits for men. These are now exported to all the best men's stores in the world—a Brioni black bouclé jacket, gorgeous ties and suits can be found in Whitehouse & Hardy, New York, at David Jones in Sydney or Woollands over here. Handsome sweaters in Orton are designed by Brioni too and exported to this country. A family man, Brioni still lives in Rome with his two children.

Simonetta was born Colonna di Cesaro of the Sicilian branch of Italy's most illustrious family and is probably the most celebrated of all the Italian designers. In the early years of the war Donna Simonetta joined the Resistance and was arrested by the Fascists, spending several months in prison and internment. The war's end brought her back to her love of designing and in 1946 she opened her own atelier with a 14-model collection, made from whatever could be bought, begged or reshaped. (Dishcloths, gardeners' aprons and butlers' uniforms all went into the making.) Fame arrived when the great American stores Bergdorf Goodman and Marshall Field sent their buyers on a fashion scout—and placed orders after a chance visit to her salon. Always dressed in black, with a dozen jangling bracelets and a grey Schnauzer dog in tow, She says: "No woman is elegant out of black, I think in black and then interpret my collection in colour."



Princess Irene Galitzine came to Rome as a child when her family fled from the Russian Revolution. She started earning her living in a Roman dresshouse, learned to speak five languages fluently along the way. Then she decided to set up a salon on her own and now runs a highly successful business, with her Italian-Brazilian husband as manager. Along with all this goes a reputation as an excellent hostess. She entertains at her luxurious apartment overlooking the Borghese Gardens or in her summer villa on Capri—usually serving Russian food. And it is while relaxing or looking after guests at home that she wears the smoochy rajah tunics and leisure clothes that have made her name famous in fashion. Her immediate plan, she says, is a short vacation in the Far East—maybe an influence on the next Collection to be shown in July. The Galitzine philosophy for life? “Never be bored—boredom kills life.”

Ken Scott (*right*) and his couturier partner operate under the name of Falconetto to mask an American identity. Yet even in Florence their native colour sense comes over loud and clear. It predominates in a range of witty separates and leisure-wear made from silks most of which Scott has designed himself or from odd materials he has picked up in his wanderings—for instance the coarse cotton damask of a Sicilian tablecloth. The world's buyers adore Falconetto designs—and a lucky girl with one of his expensive hostess tunics in mind will find them in London at Liberty.





Frederico Forquet was an accomplished concert pianist studying in Naples when at 26 an accident to his hand put an end to a career. In the half-dozen or so years since, he has learned the couturier business, breaking away from Galitzine this season to show his own Collection. It was an immediate success—beautifully tailored suits, romantic theatrical evening dresses all in white, yellow and the shades of orange. His close friend is Capucci, but Frederico does not intend to follow him to Paris. "It is too confusing," he says. "What I should like best is to stay in Rome, make even better clothes and then show them in New York." This dapper, handsome young man adores London, plans a visit here in October.



Fiamma Ferragamo was only 19 when her father, Salvatore Ferragamo—Mozart of the world's shoemakers—died. Now, just before her 21st birthday, she manages and designs the Collection of pretty, eye-catching shoes that are sold all over the world (three shops in London alone). She lives in Florence with her mother where the headquarters for the business originated and is one of a large family—younger brother Ferruccio though only 16 is training to become manager in a few years time, present export manager is cousin Jerry who is in his late 20s and lives in the States. Fiamma Ferragamo is an attractive, quiet girl who speaks English and French with a flawless accent and was educated in Eastbourne.

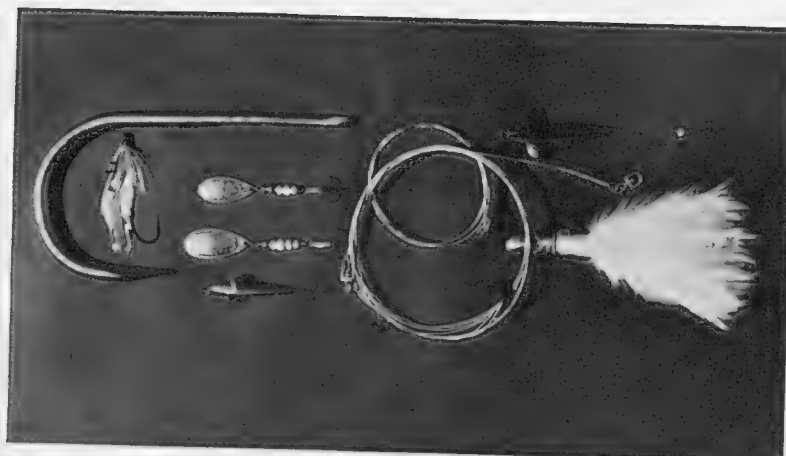
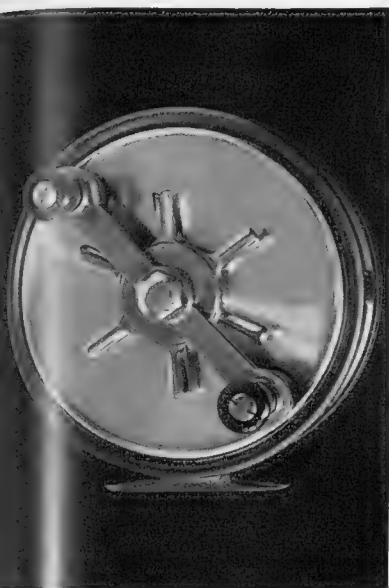


Patrick de Barentzen is a diffident young designer—as shy of publicity as Fabiani—whom some see as Italy's Balenciaga, others as an overrated adventurer. His designing genius jets fitfully; is fireworks one collection, the next may be a fizzle. De Barentzen's partner couturier is a brilliant hatter called Gilles (seen with him above). Between them they have designed an amusing, colourful Collection for spring and summer, based with China, their Oriental model-girl, in mind. Example of de Barentzen fantasy—the scarlet silk party cape on the cover; of his sheer prettiness: the white silk spotted coat in the fashion section, with its huge spiral collar of pleats.



Sonja Giordano

Sergio Mingolini and **Carlo Gugenheim** (he is seen left) belong to a select group of men who, at a certain point of their lives, have abandoned their professions to make a career of fashion. Mingolini was an architect from Turin who turned to fashion designing in the war when nobody really thought in terms of decorating houses that might be bombed. Gugenheim was a Swiss financier born in Naples. Together they opened a boutique in Capri with expensive little items for the international set—a shop where friends dropped in to gossip, to buy and listen to the newest record. End result was a transfer to Rome to open a highly successful hat, gloves and jewellery shop and in 1951 the Mingolini-Gugenheim Alta Moda was born. Sergio Mingolini designs the models himself after creating a new theme for each season (this summer the “butterfly” idea) and Carlo acts as business manager; he speaks five languages fluently and has enough family wealth to take the Collection on tours like their whirlwind 1957 round-up of the U.S.



COUNTER SPY

HOOKED BY
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

A taste for the sea . . .
Fishy things with a salt
sea flavour . . . to buy
now when serious fishing
begins



1. FISHING GEAR:
solid reel with brass touches
for pulling in the big fish:
£37 5s. 6d.



2. For big game fishermen
a gaff hook: £3 4s. 1d. en-
closes a salmon fly which
comes in many sizes and
colours, two Mepps spoons
which can be used for all
types of predatory fish, and
a yellow belly bait which
is designed to swim on an
even keel. The feather
squid bait has a glittering
eye and a cunning feather
arrangement to hide the
hook: 14s. 4d., the big
game trace costs 35s. 6d.
Last in line: another bait.
All from Hardy's, Pall Mall.



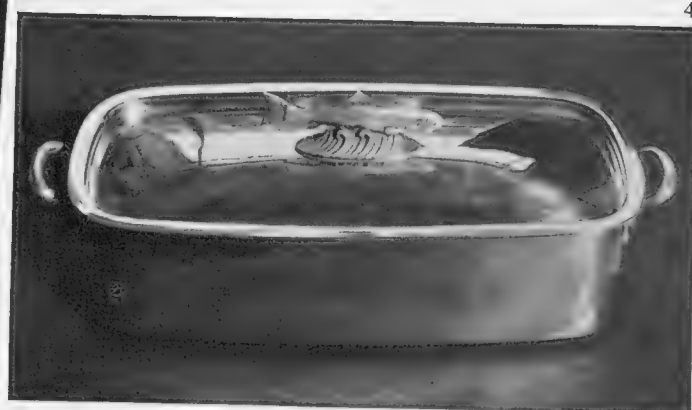
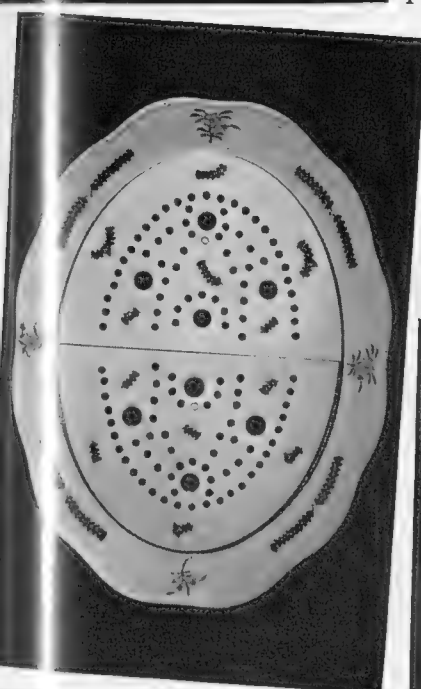
3. FISH PLATTER with
a two part drainer is faintly
Chinese looking—under
the drainer hand-painted
fish are aswim. Herend
make it exclusively for
Fortnum & Mason where
it costs £5 15s. They have
one, too, big enough to
take a salmon, which costs
8 gns.



4. FISH KETTLE in cop-
per, tin-lined with a built-
in drainer is large enough
to take a salmon. A silvery
fish swims on top. French,
it costs £39 10s. from John
Lewis



5. FISHY LETTER
OPENER for those born
under Pisces is white with
gold fish—Presents have
them for every sign under
the Zodiac: 3 gns. each.



PHOTOGRAPHS: PRISCILLA CONRAN



ISHIN'

Through hardship to the star

Lord Kilbracken

MISS DELPHI LAWRENCE HAD TOLD ME: "COME AND FIND me at the TV Centre any time after 7. We'll have a drink and a quick meal before I go on the set. There may be a party afterwards—it's the last instalment of *Crying Down The Lane*—and then we'll head for Crockford's." So I obediently presented myself, at 7.39, at the portentous glassy portals of that vast circular building in Lime Grove—that tiered, tired gem of modern architecture—that is the chrome-&-concrete heart and soul of B.B.C. television.

Things started in the most auspicious way, which gave no hint or warning of the hazards which lay ahead, but rather reassured me. When I was still a good five yards distant, the Attractive Young Lady at the reception desk addressed me with these words: "I'll bet you are John Kilbracken and you're looking for Miss Lawrence." Pleased by this clairvoyance, I told her she won her bet; where, I enquired, was the said Miss Lawrence to be found? "Nothing could be easier," the A.Y.L. replied. "She's just having a drink in the Club and would like you to join her." The B.B.C. Club, it transpired, was up on the fourth floor. I took one of those automatic lifts, which deposited me, alone, in the deserted circular corridor which (as on all other floors) anonymously circumnavigates the circumference of the building.

Should I head clockwise, I asked myself, or counter-clockwise? A spun penny decided it in favour of the latter, and I came to the Club after travelling through perhaps 340 degrees of the circle—and covering, or so it seemed, something like five miles. Of Miss Lawrence, however, I found no trace there. Another A.Y.L., in trousers and a pony-tail, appeared magically from nowhere and offered to "sign me in" so that I could have a drink in the Club while awaiting her. I accepted with alacrity; she performed what was necessary and then promptly vanished. While consuming my gin-&-tonic in involuntary solitude, I confess I cast an avid glance at a most enticing display of assorted comestibles, for it had been one of those days when I'd been living on coffee and hope; but I was dining with the star and therefore averted my gaze.

At 7.53, with no Delphi yet in view, I called the A.Y.L. (the first one) and she apologised profusely and informed me that Miss Lawrence was actually in the canteen. The canteen was on the *second* floor, I found, and involves a voyage from the Club of great danger and difficulty. It's like finding

your way around inside an enormous circular beehive. I arrived at 8.1½ and found it was deserted except for three scene-shifters, a make-up man and two continuity girls. "We close at 8 o'clock," the manageress told me.

Delphi or no Delphi, I now made up my mind to return to those pies and salads that had tempted me in the Club. I was by now perfectly ravenous, and also slightly buzzed after two large gins on a very empty stomach. By a miracle, I found a lift at once; it was only after entering it that I noticed there were no buttons for floors beyond the third. This seemed rather strange, but I took it to the third, planning to walk from there. On issuing from it, however, I found this was impossible: I was faced only with a door bearing the legend MEN'S DORMITORY—and nothing else at all. I was caught in a *cul-de-sac*. A certain dreamlike panic was now beginning to supplant hunger as my principal sensation. There were neither stairs nor lift by which I could progress upwards at this part of the building. Recklessly, I doubled back to the second floor, chose a corridor at random—the whole place was deserted—and by a second miracle found myself at the lift I'd used previously. Rather red in the face, I arrived back at the Club at 8.11. Not only was there no Delphi; the beautiful spread of sandwiches—in which, by now, I was rather more interested—had altogether disappeared. "No eats after 8," said the laconic barman. I ordered another gin.

Inquiry elicited that there was an Automatic Service Counter an unspecified distance in a counter-clockwise direction. No one was quite sure what I could get there. It turned out to be little more than a 100 yards away—the merest stroll—but to offer only (a) coffee and (b) Pepsi-Cola. It transpired that in the whole vast building, at 8.23 p.m., these were the only forms of bodily sustenance available. In despair, I called the reception desk.

"How perfectly extraordinary!" said the A.Y.L. "I have Miss Lawrence on the other phone right now, asking what's become of you."

"I'm just having a Cepsi-Pola at the Automatic Shervice Counter," I said.

The A.Y.L., after a word with Delphi on the other phone, instructed me to return to base. "I'll find someone to guide you to her dressing-room," she said. "It's rather hard to find, actually."

In a matter of minutes I had made my way to the lift again, pressed the correct button and whizzed to the ground floor. It was 8.31 as I approached the reception desk for the second time; I'd been wandering round the beehive for 52 minutes. The A.Y.L. detailed a uniformed attendant to escort me to the dressing-room. "Stay with him till he makes actual physical contact with Miss Lawrence," she told him. And in dressing-room Number 2, to my considerable amazement, I finally found my quarry.

"Whatever kept you?" she said. "I'm *just* leaving for the set."

I spent 45 minutes watching Miss Lawrence at work; a handsome policewoman was detailed to keep an eye on me, and I only discovered afterwards that she was a member of the cast. We then spent perhaps an hour at the farewell party, during which, as I remember it, I had a long talk with Marius Goring, who suddenly materialised, about John Huston, wards of court, and Munich. And then I was heading eastwards in someone's car, with Delphi, and the policewoman, and a beautiful beat girl, with long long hair and tight tight trousers, who said her name was Topsy.

"Of course you've got to eat, darling," said Delphi consolingly as we passed through Notting Hill at 11.3. "We'll get sandwiches at Crock's. But why didn't you come *sooner*?"

All the fashion frivolity that was Florence. A riot of flamenco frills, a fan of pleats and butterfly chiffons. Worth noting: all the shades from sharp orange through to palest sunset yellow. The pick of the Italian Collections chosen by Elizabeth Dickson . . . photographed by Johnny Moncada



King-size frills, shown here at their most overwhelming as a bertha collar atop a party dress. Emerald silk slip sashed in black satin, the skirt mounted in same black straw lace as the collar. By Simonetta

The
ITALIAN
line
'62



Fabiani's flamenco feeling—to be worn by the very young. Sixty yards of fine candy pink lawn, the hemline scooped in front to show palest pink silk pumps. Sashed in shocking pink satin and worn with same shade suède gloves. Adaptation of this ball gown by Jean Allen at Harvey Nichols and Greensmith Downes



Fabulous entrance gown, dreamed up by Mingolini-Gugenheim. Cocoon of moonlight white chiffon, emerging with two butterfly wings behind and the cummerbund sewn with drop crystals and pearl





return to the Empire line, here in scorching red silk that can be worn with a long cloak not shown. High-waisted bodice heavily etched in crystal and fake rubies. Femme fatale designed by Simonetta, adaptation shortly at Debenham & Freebody



gentle and elegant, the suit in rich brown alpaca: easy skirt with suède tie, no-button jacket. Soft blouse with swathed scarf in snowy chiffon, turban in dull brown straw, and earrings in sparkling topaz. From Galitzine, adaptation by Jean Allen in May at Harvey Nichols



angerine wool travel coat (*above left*) with four patch pockets—added interest, the fake flap on top with pocket opening at the side. Underneath a black skirt and crêpe blouse, only the draped scarf shows.

Sooty straw turban and crystal earrings. From Galitzine



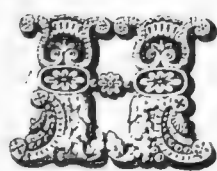
obblestone tweed in black and white (*above right*) tailored into a princess line with handsome crystal buttons shaped like grape clusters.

The hat frolic: a fencer's mask of coarse black net and be-ribboned pom-poms. From de Barentzen



o whirl through a social hour, cocktail wrap in black and white spotted silk (*right*), the collar a spiral frill. Coat partner: little black nothing dress, high-waisted in crêpe. From de Barentzen, shortly at Debenham & Freebody

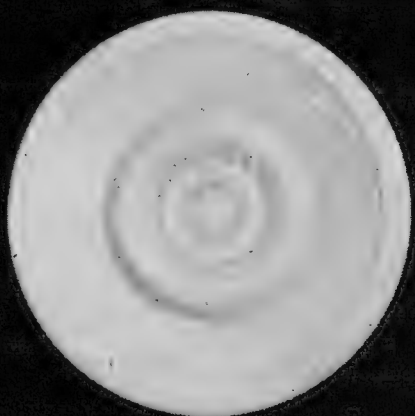




igh-summer suit, low-waisted look. White wool partnered with cassata pink chiffon blouse, and pink lining to the jacket—a natural coloured rose at the neck. The jacket has a choirboy frill collar, the hat is rough white straw. From Frederico Forquet

GOOD LOOKS

PLAYED BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON
PICTURED BY BARRY WARNER



HANDY MOVE to take two in one: Mavala have made a combination of base and top coat for manicure. Their twin pack contains this combination coat and one of their sizzling colours in nail polish: Egypt is a shimmery beige; Paris a hazy pink; Havana a pink verging on brown. Brittle, quick-to-break nails will benefit from an initial application of their efficient treatment Mavala Scientifique followed by the combination coat and two light coats of colour. The twin pack costs 21s. 6d. (plain colours); 23s. 6d. (frosty), from the Army & Navy Stores



SPRING MOVES

Draught set from Harrods



KING-SIZED supply of cream is sold in a refillable porcelain pot. Claimed to be a revolutionary product by the makers, Orlane, Creme Bio-Catalys sells for £9 a pot (a refill costs £4 10s.). Visitors to the perfumery department at Fortnum & Mason from 26 February can sample Orlane products for themselves and talk to the French consultant there. Creme Bio-Catalys is a preparatory product that helps the skin to benefit from moisturising, nourishing treatments and eliminates the toxins and rejects of cell nutrition



HEADSTART for the first sunny day: Gianni at L'Elonge demonstrates the sort of hair that every girl feels pretty wearing in the spring. Light, frothy and curving towards the face from an upturning nape, it has an upside down comma curl in front of the ears. L'Elonge flaunts the banished fringe which is, fashion aside, still the prettiest way to play up the eyes. L'Elonge have just opened an additional salon upstairs which has pretty décor and turns out immaculate hair under the talented eye of Gianni



YES?

VERDICTS

PLAYS *Anthony Cookman*

H.M.S. Pinafore. Her Majesty's Theatre. (Henry Mossfield, Eric House, Howell Glynne, Irene Byatt, Andrew Downie, Marion Studholme.)

According to Sir Tyrone

ANYONE WITH ANY LINGERING STREAK OF CHIVALRY IN HIM MUST FEEL some sympathy with the Gilbert & Sullivan diehards. Since the Savoy operas ceased to be protected by copyright their passionate loyalty to the sacred routines laid down in the long ago by Gilbert himself has exposed them to much merciless chi-hi-king. Yet they are being upbraided only for wanting to see done with Gilbert what the French are applauded for having done with Molière. Modern audiences who see a Molière played on his own stage can be reasonably sure that every figure stands, at each moment, on the exact spot which the author's direction first, and then some 300 years of continuous, intelligent consideration, have determined to be the right one. Fanatic Savoyards are vulnerable to criticism less on the ground of principle than of practice. Whereas the French have kept their Molière tradition perennially fresh the Gilbert routines, under the D'Oyly Carte monopoly, have in recent years grown visibly tired, and audiences, consisting apparently in the main of people who know the words by heart and the by-play by note, have done almost as much as the performers to give the ritual a continuing vitality that was social rather than theatrical.

The stern and unbending traditionalists took Mr. Frank Hauser's *Iolanthe* at Sadler's Wells in their stride, merely noting that it was less iconoclastic than they had supposed it would be. They were nerving themselves to withstand the shock of Sir Tyrone Guthrie's **H.M.S. Pinafore** at Her Majesty's. Everyone knows that the most masterly of modern directors is temperamentally incapable of resisting temptations to mischief. He is easily bored with matter that seems to him essentially lifeless. His mischief is his way of helping an author over a difficulty and he will not think twice about helping Shakespeare through what he takes to be a dull passage with a comic sneeze or something of the sort that momentarily puts an otherwise impressive production in jeopardy. What impish havoc might he not wreak on the charming unselfconscious silliness of *Pinafore*. I do not believe that many of the traditionalists trusted themselves to watch the shocking "send up" they were dreading. Here, of course, they betrayed their misunderstanding of this producer's point of view. Guthrie believes that even in great tragedies there is room to get as much amusement as possible out of incidents not amounting to events and he seizes every chance that offers, sometimes no doubt putting his foot into it. But when he comes to deal with a burlesque as light as *Pinafore* he is the last director in the world to waste time painting the lily white. Besides, he would be the first to perceive that Sullivan's music is so neatly integrated with Gilbert's by-play that the music would have to be cut if the by-play were drastically altered in shape or length. He makes it his business, accordingly, not to mock Gilbert's mockery of what was fatuously self-satisfied in contemporary British patriotism or ridiculously affected in the native opera of the time, but simply to liven up what has become fossilized in recent treatments of the burlesque.

This business he carries through by a succession of light, easy,

amusing touches, at once deft and unobtrusively on the mark. There are one or two characteristic naughtinesses—is Sir Joseph's rather too determined chase of Josephine one of them?—but they are so slight as to be hardly noticeable. The piece, in short, is revitalized, with delicacy and complete consistency, for the general public; the chorus now consists of human beings, after the manner of choruses in an American musical; yet the whole thing remains a piece of genuine Gilbert & Sullivan.

Several of the cast have been brought from Stratford, Ontario, where the production was first staged. Mr. Harry Mossfield is a capital Captain Corcoran. He has a strong baritone and his deadpan burlesque of the melodrama, neat and contained, still leaves him free to cock a quiet snook at what the Irish call "topty lofty" English. "What nevah? Well, hardly evah." Miss Irene Byatt, also from Canada, is an excellent Buttercup, and Mr. Andrew Downie is a lightly guying Ralph Rackstraw. Miss Marion Studholme sings Josephine with confidence and her partner from the Wells, Mr. Howell Glynne, is equally confident in Dick Deadeye's songs. Mr. Eric House, another Canadian, is a delightfully dapper Sir Joseph, inventive in fun and alert in timing.

FILMS *Elsbeth Grant*

One, Two, Three. Director Billy Wilder. (James Cagney, Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Arlene Francis, Lilo Pulver.)

Tender Is The Night. Director Henry King. (Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr., Joan Fontaine, Tom Ewell.)

Il Posto ("The Job"). Director Ermanno Olmi. (Sandro Panzeri, Eoredana Detto.)

A Day Of Sin. Director Mauro Bologini. (Jean Sorel, Lea Massari, Jeanne Valerie.) "X" Certificate.

The Innocent Sorcerers. Director Andrzej Wajda. (Tadeusz Jannicki, Krystyna Stypulkowska.)

The wilder shores of Wilder

MR. BILLY WILDER, WHO PERSUADED US THAT SOME LIKE IT HOT, SEEMS to have persuaded himself that others like it rude and raucous: this coarse-grained body of people is handsomely catered for in his impudent farce, **One, Two, Three**—which has the grimly-divided city of Berlin as its setting and abounds in offensive remarks directed mainly at the Russians. Mr. Wilder is likely to find that, among those who regard the strained relations between America and Russia as no laughing matter, many do not like it at all. Mr. James Cagney figures aggressively as Coca-Cola's high-powered, ambitious chief representative in West Berlin. Presumably the firm, which must surely have given Mr. Wilder permission to use its name, doesn't mind a slight reflection on the salesman's morals (Mr. Cagney, though married, is having an affair with his blonde German secretary) or the suggestion that he can only achieve promotion by kow-towing to the Big Boss (Mr. Howard St. John) in Atlanta, Georgia. This is perfectly O.K. by me, too—but it appals me that Mr. Cagney might be understood to speak for the average American when he makes such cracks as "I wouldn't touch a Russian with a 10-foot pole—and I wouldn't touch a Pole, either."

Mr. Cagney is bidden by Mr. St. John to entertain his daughter, Miss Pamela Tiffin, whom he is sending to West Berlin for a holiday. He accepts this little chore in the hope of being rewarded with "the London job" he has long coveted—but neither he nor his wife, Miss Arlene Francis, keeps a sufficiently vigilant eye on the romantically-minded, 17-year-old Southern belle. The darling girl, to whom the Russian slogan "Yankee Go Home" is just an echo from the Civil War, manages to slip into East Berlin and find herself a husband, Herr Horst Buchholz—a German Communist beatnik, with whom she proposes to settle in Moscow. She breaks the shattering news to Mr. Cagney on the eve of her parents' arrival from America. For the sake of his job, Mr. Cagney has to get rid of Herr Buchholz. He smartly frames him as an American spy but no sooner have the Russians arrested him than it transpires that Miss Tiffin is pregnant—and Mr. Cagney is obliged to snatch the bewildered beatnik back to the West and convert him into a suitable son-in-law for a capitalist.



Shrill political overtones mark the long-drawn-out tussle between East German beatnik (Horst Buchholz, above), and West Berlin soft-drink salesman (James Cagney), trying to save his job against odds, in Billy Wilder's new film One, Two, Three



Mr. Cagney displays boundless energy and the film has tremendous pace—it goes, in fact, like a bomb. As everybody knows, the trouble with bombs these days is the fall-out: here it consists of a deluge of corrosive comments upon the people with whom we are striving to establish an amicable understanding—and it ruined the picture for me.

In *Tender Is The Night*, an inordinately long and extraordinarily boring screen version of the late Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald's affecting novel, Mr. Jason Robards, Jr., plays the promising young psychiatrist who married an enormously rich patient, Miss Jennifer Jones, against the advice of his wise old tutor (Mr. Paul Lukas, giving a beautiful performance). Miss Jones (at times so insufferably arch that one could scream) is emotionally utterly dependent upon her husband—he is financially entirely dependent upon her. By the time Miss Jones has regained her mental stability, Mr. Robards, who had always intended to resume his professional career one day, has lost the will to work. He and the marriage go to pieces simultaneously—and one should feel sorry for him but somehow one doesn't, perhaps because Mr. Robards has given the character so little depth. Mr. Tom Ewell, a one-time ace composer, seeking a lost cadenza through a haze of alcohol, typifies the expatriate American bar-flies of the 1920s, Miss Joan Fontaine is appropriately brassy as the idle rich woman of the period, to whom everything was accessible and nothing but money sacred—and the French Riviera settings are splendidly photographed in De Luxe Colour.

An Italian workman's son applies for a job in a large firm in Milan, passes the tests to which all applicants are gravely subjected—and is taken on as a messenger-boy as there is no vacancy for a clerk. When death obligingly creates one, he is promoted to the rear desk in a crowded office, behind rows of senior clerks who seem to have been there for ever: he sighs with satisfaction—the pay in such a vast company may not be good, but once you're *in* you're in for life. That is all the story there is to *Il Posto*—but Signor Ermanno Olmi has made of it a most touching and funny film. The lordliness of the office executives, the bickerings of the clerks, the humours of a New Year's party and the

boy's reactions to them all are shrewdly and amusingly observed. Signor Sandro Panzeri, who looks like a very young Buster Keaton, gives an enchanting performance in the role of the poor young man who accepts a life sentence of drudgery as though it were a gift from the gods.

Something about the callous amorality of *A Day Of Sin* (an Italian film with dubbed American dialogue) leads one to suspect it is much like any other day for the good-looking, unemployed young Roman (M. Jean Sorel) who is the central character. He is the father of an illegitimate baby by a neighbour's daughter and would marry her if he could find a job. Meantime, while looking for one, he has time to go to bed with a call-girl (Mlle. Jeanne Valerie) and an industrialist's mistress (Signorina Lea Massari). An afternoon's work for a crook proves unrewarding, and he needs money. Recalling that there is a dead man lying in state in a flat nearby, he hurries to the place to remove a ring from the corpse's finger. The film views these goings-on objectively, makes no comment—and leaves me somewhat nauseated.

The Polish film, *Innocent Sorcerers*, directed by Mr. Andrzej Wajda, is largely concerned with suspended seduction. A precious, platinum-blond doctor (Mr. Tadeusz Lomnicki) takes home with him a girl (Miss Krystyna Stypulkowska) he has picked up. Their all-night-long flirtation, conducted at a high intellectual level, includes a spot of mutual strip-tease but leads to nothing more basic. It had me completely foxed.

BOOKS *Siriol Hugh-Jones*

Promise At Dawn, by Romain Gary, translated by John Markham Beach (Michael Joseph, 25s.)

Seen Dimly Before Dawn, by Nigel Balchin (Collins, 16s.)

You English Words, by John Moore (Collins, 21s.)

Henry Moore, Stone & Wood Carvings (Blond, 21s.)

Tales My Father Taught Me, by Osbert Sitwell (Hutchinson, 25s.)

The Way Of Zen, by Allan Watts (Pelican)

Double dawning

AT NINE YEARS OLD, ROMAIN GARY FELL IN LOVE WITH A DARK-HAIRED eight-year-old dictator called Valentine. At her wholly unreasonable and implacable request (and because his rival once ate his entire stamp collection for her terrible sake) the young Gary consumed "a Japanese fan, ten yards of cotton thread, a complete paperback novel called *Nat Pinkerton* and three goldfish we stole from her music teacher's aquarium," besides miscellaneous daisies, corks, handfuls of earth and the best part of one rubber galosh. This bizarre and extravagant episode, recounted in *Promise At Dawn*, seems characteristic of the curious sardonic temperament that was developed, with the utmost care and attention, by his mother, a Russian Jewess of almost impossible determination and dedication, whose whole purpose in life was to make of her only child "a great hero, a general, Gabriele d'Annunzio, Ambassador of France," and naturally enough a Frenchman into the bargain. Her son fell in with her plan, his health collapsing from time to time under the strain (his health record clearly fascinates him as much as it does us, and on one particularly desperate occasion he received extreme unction and "an R.A.F. guard of honour, complete with white gloves and dirks, was mounted around my body, while the Senegalese soldiers were busy with the coffin in the corridor").

Ordinary literary-scene dragon-mothers hardly compete with this one, who would clearly have turned any daughter into a ballerina assoluta in a flash. It's some indication of the book's tartly tender, sweetly astringent quality, saved absolutely from sentimentality by irony, an ornate, stately style and a detached outlook—that the hugely looming central figure always commands sympathy and affection, never inspires alarm. The net result of her lifetime's work is obviously a man of extreme complexity, self-consciousness and unease, a trained perfectionist doomed to daily frustration and disappointment, a man with an impossibly obsessive standard. Nevertheless, the irony saves all; it's hard, for instance, to resist a man-born-to-be-a-hero who has to find



Erich Auerbach

a French name for himself, and years later is maddened to realise the perfect name on the heroic label would have been simply Charles de Gaulle.

The narrator of Nigel Balchin's *Seen Dimly Before Dawn* is a man remembering the time in the 20s when he was an extra tall fifteen-year-old with arms and legs growing like lightning beyond trousers and jacket. He has arrived at the agreeable Cherubino age when it's a matter of pleasant astonishment to find that the girl sitting on your lap in a crowded car is a warm hefty weight, and the central episode in the book is his falling in love with the unlettered green-eyed silk-legged lady who is living with his uncle, and whose closest attachment is to a neurotic, sheep-chasing genius who happens to be an Alsatian.

Being a Balchin, the book can be taken like vodka, in one quick painless gulp. The awful hot flushes of adolescent love, the peepings and poetry-readings and general condition of total disorder, are recorded with a great deal of perception and cool wit. For me, the book would have been twice as good at half the length as a long-short story, and I should have liked the green-eyed lady to have been a trifle less odious. (I don't think Mr. Balchin sees her as odious, but then authors are continually misunderstood.) There is a faintly staggering scene at the end of the book when the girl sets out to shoot a masterful, not to say brutish, retired colonel who has shot her dog, gets slashed twice with a riding switch, has her wet cotton shirt pulled off, "with a single wrench," and is there and then crushed, passionately you bet, to his dreadfully manly chest. The boy, watching from a nearby tree, is depressed at this sight and who can blame him.

Briefly. . . You English Words, by John Moore, is an adorable book about words, and the way they have been used, that appeal especially to the author, and in it you can find, among other delights, irresistible information about slop-kettle, soodle, tohu-bohu, myomancy (a daunting thing called divination by mice), bubukles, and chichie sneakbill rogues. It is a book that is all bridle-paths and by-ways and the landscape it modestly, casually charts is in fact some part of Mr. Moore's own autobiography. . . . *Henry Moore, Stone & Wood Carvings*, is a good small picture book with a limpid introductory essay by John Russell. . . . *Tales My Father Taught Me*, by Osbert Sitwell, is a detailed account of the astonishing Sir George Sitwell, Sir Osbert's father, by whom I am by now as much alarmed as mesmerised. What haunts me most is the thought of the books he took away with him for a month's rest at Fiesole: *A Flutter Through Manorial Dovecotes in the Sixteenth Century*, *Over the Border, An Account of Flodden Field*, *Wool-gathering in Nottinghamshire in the Dark Ages*, *Rotherham Before the Norman Conquest*, *Medieval Fools, A Study of Court Jesters during the Wars of the Roses* and *The Stone Age on the Yorkshire Moors*: there surely is sprightly holiday reading unparalleled. . . . And in the new batch of Penguins there is a Pelican by Alan Watts called *The Way Of Zen* which contains undoubtedly the most chic and Zennish trick of the month—a section of Chinese Notes at the back, with the calm instruction "Read horizontally, from left to right." I'm just so thankful they didn't leave me standing around like a clown wondering.



Writing an opera libretto is a notoriously exacting task, but the authors of *The Rake's Progress*, "book" of Stravinsky's opera now in current production at Sadler's Wells, are unusually qualified. They are U.S. writer Chester Kallmann and English poet W. H. Auden, seen above revising the work which they wrote 11 years ago. In 1957 they also translated *The Magic Flute*

RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

The Harold Arlen Song Book (Vols 1 & 2), by Ella Fitzgerald
Olé ala Lee, by Peggy Lee
The Best Of Pearl Bailey, by Pearl Bailey
My Baby Just Cares For Me, by Nina Simone
Ring-a-ding Ding, by Frank Sinatra
Come Swing With Me, by Frank Sinatra
Christmas Carousel, by Peggy Lee
Beware! The Vikings Are On Us, by Papa Bue
McLean's Scene, by Jackie McLean

A swinging crowd

ELLA FITZGERALD'S TOURS OF BRITAIN HAVE BECOME SUCH A WELL established function in the annual jazz calendar that I find any words of welcome sounding almost superficial. This does not mean that I take her comings and goings as a matter of course—she is too rare and exotic a bird for that—but she transcends all other lady singers in the jazz field, with the possible exception of Mahalia Jackson, to such an extent that her rivals are almost extinguished. The sheer artistry she puts into the two volumes of *The Harold Arlen Song Book* (CSD1389/90) prove conclusively that her subject matter is almost unlimited, and that her variety of treatment and of style are as boundless as the very scope of jazz itself.

Peggy Lee fulfils a more or less equivalent role in the world of cabaret. The two Latin flavoured EPs called *Olé ala Lee* (SEP1-1475 and SEP2-1475) show her at her sentimental best, and in highly rhythmic mood. In another mood she sang that *Christmas Carousel* (ST1423), which doubtless spun on many turntables a month or two ago. If her key-note is versatility, then Pearl Bailey's is ribaldry. Most of the tracks on her album *The Best Of Pearl Bailey* (SCX3404) have been heard before, but she has remade them in stereo form, presenting a most amusing set. Then there is Nina Simone, another cabaret specialist with a hint of Nellie Lutcher's style in her EP, *My Baby Just Cares For Me* (GEP8844). Her jazz sense is stronger than either Peggy's or Pearl's, and I predict a great future for her. In the same way that Ella dominates the jazz scene vocally, Sinatra has that happy blend of rhythm and romance that enables him to dominate the pop market while still justifying the demands of the hipsters as one of the swinging-est men in the business. On his own label, Reprise, he offers *Ring-a-ding Ding!* (R1001), while Capitol invite you to *Come Swing With Me!* (SW1594).

The trad people are busy welcoming a band of great reputation,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 443

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

Papa Bue's Viking jazz band from Denmark. In so far as they are apt to assume astonishing garb, they differ little from the fancy-dressed exponents in the home scene, and their brand of jazz is typical of the basic style which appears to be sweeping western Europe at the present time. If you are suddenly confronted by horned-helmeted gentlemen plying their trade in a local club, don't take fright, just **Beware! The Vikings Are Over Us** (PCS3011).

An exciting record by one of America's leading modern alto players is **McLean's Scene** (32-141), issued by Esquire last year. There is a shrill, brittle sound in his playing, much of which comes from Charlie Parker, but his special approach is partly achieved by skilful phrasing. This is matched by Red Garland, whose piano work seems to be going from strength to strength. The presence of Bill Hardman as trumpeter on three tracks adds to the solo strength of the group without improving noticeably the ensemble. His broad tone, on the other hand, is the best I have heard among the so-called "hard bop school" of players.

GALLERIES *Robert Wraight*

19th Century Dutch Romantics, Vanderkar Gallery
Luigini, Kaplan Gallery

Exercises in a minor key

FOR A LONG TIME NOW THE DEMAND FOR GENUINE OLD MASTERS HAS BEEN IN EXCESS OF THE SUPPLY. Now picture dealers, taking a leaf out of the books of those antique dealers who have succeeded in making Victorian a more or less respectable, have been striving to create a demand for the works of minor 19th-century artists. Considerable headway has already been made in the "rehabilitation" of the Pre-Raphaelites and now the Dutch Romantics have found a doughty champion in Mr. Dennis Vanderkar, whose gallery, next door to a closed-down striptease club in St. James's, is full of their work.

In his enthusiasm for these pictures Mr. Vanderkar makes the extravagant claim that "*the works of this school show a standard of composition, colour, movement, atmosphere and light effects that has never before or since been equalled by artist or camera.*" In fact, they are often crassly derivative works in which the qualities of composition, colour, atmosphere and light effects are debased attempts to imitate masters of the two preceding centuries.

There are, for example, in this exhibition pseudo de Hoochs by Carel Hansen and by Hubertus van Hove, and sentimentalized imitations of the candlelit subjects of Honthorst and de la Tour. Excessive sentimentality and concern for irrelevant detail proved the undoing of many of these Dutchmen as it did for so many of their English contemporaries. In their hands the classic Dutch snow and skating scenes became little better than glorified Christmas card illustrations. But a few of them, while still patently derivative artists, were able to rise above the level of popular taste. Chief among these was B. C. Koekkoek,

a minor master and one of no less than eight of the Koekkoek family who were artists of some distinction

He is represented at Vanderkar's by a delightful *Hilly Landscape with Figures* that is reminiscent of, and worthy of, Philips Wouwerman. Challenging this picture as pride of the exhibition is *A village scene with numerous figures* by Charles Leickert, a painter who, as his other works on show prove, frequently came perilously near to prettiness, but who in this one picture, at least, showed mastery. At the other extreme two pictures vie for rock-bottom place—*A gentleman seated reading with a lady standing looking over his shoulder*, by Franciscus Moormans, a painter of stagey portraits and interior scenes, and *Three kittens*, by Henriette Ronner, who did for Dutch and Belgian cats (poor things) the same thing that Landseer did for British dogs.

Ferdinand Luigini was one of those accomplished artists who seem always to have been a little behind their time. Born in 1870 he was, as a young man, friendly with several of the ageing Impressionist masters and their influence never ceased to dominate his work up to the time of his death in 1943. Though he became a brilliant manipulator of paint, especially in the rendering of skies and water, he looked at nature (at least with one eye) through other men's spectacles. Which "other men" is obvious in his Boudinesque beach and harbour scenes and in the Monet-like bravura of his river scenes and views of Venice. But the origin of the warm glow that is the most personal feature of his work escaped me until I saw the Somerset Maugham collection of paintings at Sotheby's where they are to be sold on April 10. And there it was, the same all-pervading warmth obtained by the same technique in Renoir's *Boats at Argenteuil* of 1888.



Alex Low

Sylvia Sleight with one of her paintings of statues in the Crystal Palace Gardens, from her recent exhibition at the Trafford Gallery



We're swimming in our garden!

There is so much more holiday-time at home with your own swimming pool. In a Gilliam pool you swim in water kept crystal clear by the new Swimmer Diafilter. Gilliam manufacture all the equipment necessary for the modern swimming pool—Diafilter—Heating plants—Automatic Surface Skimmers—Stainless steel steps—Springboards—Vacuum cleaners, etc. Plan now with Gilliam to swim in your garden.

GILLIAM

The Swimming Pool Specialists

•

GILLIAM & CO. LTD.

Purley, Surrey. Tel. Uplands 9222/3

•

UNIT SWIMMING POOLS LTD.

Wolverhampton. Tel. Fordhouses 3091



**Morning
energy**

to meet the challenge of modern life

IT'S nice to get up in the morning . . . after a really good night's sleep. Rested and refreshed, you are ready to enjoy all the interests and pleasures the day has to bring and to cope, too, with all the stresses and strains of modern life.

A cup of 'Ovaltine' last thing at night relaxes nervous tensions and smooths the way to natural, restorative sleep. And, during sleep, the concentrated nutritive properties of 'Ovaltine' help to build up the energy and vitality you need for the new day.

So, always drink a cup of 'Ovaltine' before you go to bed, and make it the bedtime nightcap for the whole family. *No other beverage can give you better sleep or keep you fitter.*

The family drink of today. 1/6, 2/9 and 5/- per tin. It is most economical to buy the large tin.



OVALTINE
the world's
best nightcap

DINING IN

Helen Burke

Surprised by veal

WINTER WEATHER IS SAID TO PROMOTE APPETITE, BUT MANY PEOPLE I know have been eating less and less in recent weeks and it would seem that, perhaps, they are slightly bored with their usual fare. It occurs to me that folk who are a little tired of good simple dishes might well appreciate one in which a tasty stuffing played a part. Here, for instance, is STUFFED BREAST OF VEAL which, I think, could be placed on the table of the most gourmet of gourmets. Perhaps finely minced pork could replace the sausage meat but good sausage meat is better than pork that has not been minced finely enough.

For six people, get a good-sized piece of breast of veal (about 3 lb.) and have it boned. Place the bones in a soup pot and cover them deeply with cold water. Add a large bouquet garni, salt and pepper and a teaspoon of celery seed. Bring to the boil. Reduce the heat at once and leave to simmer, covered, for 1½ to 2 hours. The stuffing: Chop a rasher or two of smoked streaky bacon. Add half an ounce of butter and, in them, gently cook 2 to 3 diced chicken livers and 4 oz. roughly chopped mushrooms. Leave to become cold, then add a good pinch each of powdered marjoram and basil. Beat together an egg and a tablespoon of dry white wine. Add and work into them ½ lb. best sausage meat and 2 to 3 tablespoons of day-old bread. Add the cooled bacon-mushroom mixture. Taste and add salt and pepper.

Lay the veal, skin side down, on a board and spread the mixture on it, leaving free a little at each end. Roll up and tie. The knack is to start at each end and tie the string tight enough but not too tight. Next, tie the centre and then twice between the centre and each end. Do not try slip-knotting all the way along. If a really good butcher makes each tie an individual one, we who are much less expert should do the same. Golden-brown the roll all over in butter and a little olive oil (to prevent the butter burning). For preference, bake the roll in an oval iron casserole. Place a piece of bacon rind in it (or ask the butcher for a piece of rind from back loin of pork).

Place the browned roll on top and add enough strained veal stock and dry white wine, half and half, to come half-way up the meat. Bake for 2½ to 3 hours at 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 1½, turning the meat once during this time. If there is a pronounced aroma of the dish, turn the heat a little lower. Towards the end of the cooking, remove the lid, baste the meat again and leave just long enough to glaze the surface. Remove to a heated serving-dish and reduce the sauce. It is a good idea to let the meat wait a little because it is then much easier to carve. Serve surrounded with tiny buttered carrots and peas. Pass the reduced gravy separately. This dish has the further advantage of being comparatively inexpensive—and there is still enough stock left for a soup.

It pays to add flavourings to veal and here, from Lorraine, is a pleasant way of serving VEAL CUTLETS. For four persons, choose 4 thinnish veal cutlets or chops and flatten them out still further. Fry together 3 oz. of diced streaky bacon and an ounce of butter. Tip the pan to drain the fat from the diced bacon, while still retaining it, and lift the pieces on to a dish and keep hot. Sprinkle the cutlets with salt and pepper and spread them with a little French mustard. Fry them gently in the buttery fat, turning them two or three times. Remove the cutlets to a heated platter.

Pour off most of the fat, reserving it for other purposes. Add to the frying-pan a finely chopped small onion or shallot, a teaspoon of coarsely chopped parsley, the bacon pieces and a small wineglass of dry white wine. Let them bubble while rubbing them with a fork to incorporate the residue in the pan. Reduce a little. Season to taste. Add the yolk of an egg beaten with ¼ pint of rich cream. Heat through but do not boil again. Finally, add a teaspoon of lemon juice. Pour this sauce over the veal cutlets and serve them with whole tiny new potatoes, turned in butter and sprinkled with chopped parsley or chives.

ROSES & ROSE GROWING

G. S. Fletcher

More moss roses

AMONG THE GARDENING AND FLOWER BOOKS IN MY COLLECTION IS A pretty blue and gold covered one, *The Illustrated Language Of Flowers* by Mrs. Burke. (Why were they all "Mrs." by the way?) It contains a comprehensive list of garden flowers, all with their "meanings" attached, and of these 32 are roses of various kinds, e.g. *The Thornless Rose*—"Early attachment" (quite delightful, I think), *The Caroline Rose*—"Love is dangerous" and so on. *The Moss Rose* means "Confession of Love"—so now you know!

Now here is a select list of moss roses, most being those I have grown or still grow myself. It is difficult to make a choice from the number still available. The book mentioned above was published in 1864, a time when moss roses were most popular, and since then, as I said in my last article, the number of varieties has been considerably reduced. *Baron de Wassenauer* is a favourite of mine and dates from 1854. Who the Baron was, I am unable to say, but the name is reminiscent of a German industrialist with a collection of Winterhalters and a string of armament factories in the Ruhr. However, it is one of the most charming of the moss roses—bright satiny pink in colour, paler on the reverse, and exquisite in bud. It is illustrated here. The moss is reddish brown and the rose itself rather cup-shaped, with conspicuous stamens. Next comes *Gloire des Mousseuses* of 1852. This I grow on a trellis, trained fanwise as a climber, and it gives an abundance of huge flowers of an exquisite shell pink, slightly deeper in the centre, and backed by a bright apple green moss. Though the rose looks delicate, it stands up



to poor weather and, in my experience, lasts probably the longest as a cut flower. With careful attention it will produce more blooms in the autumn, though not, of course, so profusely as in June or July. *Captain John Ingram* is often described as a crimson purple but it is so unique in colour that any verbal description is only approximate. Purple it certainly is but of a peculiarly intense and deep kind, yet slightly dusky. The rose dates from 1856 and forms a full petalled rosette, slightly recurved. The moss is a dark red and the leaves a pleasant sage green. *Captain Ingram* is a must in any collection of these roses. There is the *Striped Moss* to be mentioned, which is a pale pink with bright carmine stripes set in a dark moss, and the unusual *William Lobb* of 1855, which opens from crimson to a brilliant fuchsia pink, changing to a sort of lilac in the centre. This, like most of the moss roses, is a tall grower, but for those requiring something smaller there is another delightful moss, *Little Gem*, which makes a much smaller bush; mossy and pretty. It was introduced in 1880.

At luncheon this past week, four of us were talking about some of the dishes we enjoyed in our childhood and which we sometimes long for now. A man in the party described a SUSSEX POND PUDDING, which I remember having had in the country. For four servings, the pudding is made in a one-pint sized basin. Butter the basin and line it with suet pastry, reserving enough for the lid. Mix together 5 oz. butter, 3 oz. Demerara crystals and a good handful of currants or raisins. Place them in the lined basin. Dampen the inner sides of the pastry. Place the remaining rolled-out piece on top and pinch the edges together. Cover with greased greaseproof paper. Stand in a pan of boiling water coming more than half-way up the basin, cover and boil for 2½ to 3 hours. Another way is to include the fruit in the suet pastry. For a really luxurious pudding, add a glass of rich dark sherry to the filling.

PICKLED RED CABBAGE may be plebeian taste but there is nothing wrong with that. It is for folk with sturdy digestions. The French like it with boiled beef; in Lancashire, it is a must with hot-pot. Some people like to serve it as an hors d'oeuvre.

Choose a really dark cabbage. Discard any coarse outer leaves. Cut the cabbage into quarters. Cut out the core and any coarse ribs. Slice the remainder into fine or coarse shreds, just as preferred. Place layers of them in an earthenware bowl and sprinkle kitchen salt, not too generously, between them. Leave for 48 hours, then drain well. Turn into a large earthenware jar or jars and cover with strained spiced vinegar.

SPICED VINEGAR: To a quart of vinegar, add ½ oz. each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and ginger. Bring to the boil, leave to become cold then use as above. Cover tightly. The cabbage will be ready to eat within a week. It should be consumed in two months at most because, after that time, it becomes a little flabby. Some people like to add shredded horse-radish. Sliced onion can also be included.

Red cabbage also makes a very pleasant and beautifully coloured winter salad. Cut it into slender slices. Dress them with 4 parts of oil to 1 part of vinegar, with salt and pepper to taste, a pinch of sugar and a pinch of dry mustard. I like to include thin slices of raw Spanish onions.

KEDGEE was a one-time star breakfast dish. Nowadays it appears more often at Sunday's supper, but is still perfect for Sunday morning. For it I prefer Patna rice, boiled in plenty of salted water to the stage when it is not hard but still firm to the teeth when a grain is bitten through. If well washed in cold water and left to drain for two hours or overnight, the rice should be perfect.

For 8 oz. of the cooked rice, which should serve four persons, allow 2 hard-cooked eggs and 3 to 4 oz. of butter. In a wide saucepan or skillet, melt a third of the butter and a tablespoon of olive oil. Add the rice and turn it over and over to coat it well and to heat through. Have ready about an equal bulk of flaked, cooked, smoked haddock. Turn it over and over in another third of the butter over a low heat. Then fork the two mixtures together. Pile them on to a heated dish, dot the surface with the remaining butter and let it melt through. Sieve the egg yolks over the mound and garnish it with the egg whites, cut into elliptical strips. I like to cook, very gently, a teaspoon of curry-powder in the butter and oil before turning the rice into them. Somehow, it "belongs."

COULETTES DE PORC AUX PRUNEAUX are an unusual but delicious combination. Soak ½ lb. prunes in cold water overnight. Drain well. Cover with dry white wine and simmer until soft. Remove the stones. For 4 people, have ready 4 pork cutlets, with a little fat left on them. Pop them into a paper bag with a tablespoon of flour and salt and pepper to taste and shake them about to coat them well. Fry them in a little butter and pork fat until they are nicely browned on both sides. Arrange on a heated serving-dish with the prunes around them and keep hot. Pour off most of the fat from the frying-pan, blend a teaspoon of flour and a pinch of sugar into the remainder. Cook to a pale gold. Add the prune liquid and rub the residue of the pan into the sauce. Simmer to cook the flour and reduce the sauce. Add 3 to 4 tablespoons of double cream and heat through. Season to taste and strain the sauce over the cutlets.

MOTORING

Big Brother watches you

MORE AND MORE ONE HAS AN IMPRESSION OF BEING FOLLOWED. IT IS NOT simply the speed cops in their cars and on their motor cycles, or the police who still follow one's progress with the waving of handkerchiefs and the clicking of stop watches in static speed traps. Big Brother is now taking over with electronic aids to supervise our progress along the highway. As the individual car becomes submerged in the ever-growing traffic mass, it is counted, supervised and controlled like a mass-produced article coming off a conveyor belt. Up and down the country you will now find thin rubber tubes stretched across the road in the most unlikely places. They are pneumatic counters. The car's wheels compress the air in the tube and send impulses to an automatic counter which records the traffic flow at that particular point. The counter is usually concealed in a padlocked steel box, or it may be hidden in a small hut at the side of the road. Thus information on traffic flow is collected, analysed and stored away against the day when someone might start thinking about making some tentative plans for possible road improvements. If there are two parallel tubes close together, watch your step, for they can be used to measure the speeds of vehicles as well as just counting the passing traffic. But so far there are no reports of the police employing this system.

It is equipment of this kind that enables the Road Research Laboratory to produce its impressive analyses of traffic density and the increases in traffic on important highways year by year. Then there's radar. It may be hidden in a van or a station wagon or an ordinary saloon car parked at the roadside, sending out beams which bounce off cars either approaching or going away, to check their speed. The methods by which they are operated are often open to grave suspicion, but most magistrates accept evidence based on radar as beyond possible dispute, and if you are stopped in a radar trap, conviction is practically automatic. In the United States, where they do not take these things lying down, advertisements have been appearing in the motor magazines for several months now offering small warning gadgets which tell the driver when he is coming within range of a radar trap. They are contained in a small, neat box which is installed just behind the windscreen and send out a

warning buzz as soon as the car approaches within about 400 feet of a radar transmitter. Now if the object of speed controls is to reduce speed, these gadgets are performing a public service and any user will be highly speed-conscious, but the American police have been greatly incensed at the idea that a motorist should try to defend himself against prosecution. Speeding fines are big business in the States, and an important source of local revenue. So some areas, including Washington D.C., are reported to have declared the warning devices illegal. So far, no one seems to have begun importing them into Britain, but it will be instructive to see what attitude the authorities take when they do arrive. Half a century ago, when the A.A. was a militant defence organisation for motorists, the courts held that a patrol warning motorists of a speed trap was defeating the ends of justice, and there has certainly been no softening in the official attitude to motorists in the intervening years.

Then there's television. Wherever you go from now on you may expect to find the pale eye of a television camera transmitting your picture over a closed circuit to someone who wants to know what you are up to. Last year there was the installation in Piccadilly watching the behaviour of motorists turning into and out of the main traffic stream. In Durham, point duty police can now see around corners with the aid of fixed cameras that project images of approach roads on to two monitor screens. On the Continent, more ambitious schemes are already in operation, and in some cities traffic controllers can now supervise the disentanglement of rush-hour traffic with the aid of a battery of TV screens reporting the situation at important road junctions. Used in this way, closed-circuit TV can effect important savings in manpower and its use seems certain to increase. It is also being used for the benefit of bus and coach passengers. In Leeds, Pye have recently installed a series of TV cameras at the main bus stops. Each camera is remotely controlled and can be moved around to show the size of the queues at several bus stops. They send their pictures via underground cables to monitor screens in the control room at transport headquarters, where traffic officers can direct the buses where they are most needed.



Closed-circuit television is being used in larger towns to watch bus queues and traffic in crowded areas. This system, shown here, is installed in Leeds to improve bus services



Princess Sophia of Greece to Don Juan Carlos of Spain: *She is the daughter of King Paul & Queen Frederika of the Hellenes. He is the son of the Count and Countess of Barcelona*



Miss Verena Kimmins to Mr. Ben Hanbury: *She is the daughter of Captain Anthony Kimmins, M.N., & Mrs. Kimmins, of Acres Gate, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Hanbury, of Juniper Hill, Bucks*

Anthony Buckley

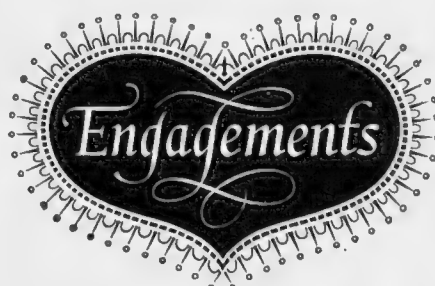


Miss Jean Mander to Mr. Jeremy Sykes: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Stuart Mander, of Harpenden, Herts. He is the son of Dr. & Mrs. R. A. Sykes, of Luton, Bedfordshire*

Fayer



Miss Susan Elizabeth Weaver to Mr. Charles William Yeldham: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. N. C. Weaver, of Albert Court, S.W.7. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. J. L. Yeldham, of The Walled House, Lyndhurst, Hampshire*



Weddings

Koppang—Stephenson: Karen Margrethe, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. A. H. Koppang, of Melbury Road, W.14, was married to Major John Robin Stephenson, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. S. Stephenson, of White Cottage, Horsham, Sussex, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



Freeman—Malcolm: Susan Hilary Philippa, daughter of the late Air Chief Marshal Sir Wilfrid Freeman, Bt., & Elizabeth Lady Freeman, of Broyle Farm House, Chichester, was married to Robin Neill Lochnell, son of Lt.-Col. G. I. Malcolm, of Poltalloch, Argyll, & Mrs. Colin Tangye, of Littlefield Manor, Worplesdon, Surrey, at St. Margaret's, Fernhurst



Reeves—Sanders: Angela Susan, daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. N. R. Reeves, of Barton Manor Farm, Westmarsh, Kent, was married to Adrian Nicholas Macdonald, son of Col. T. R. B. Sanders & the late Mrs. Sanders, of Buckland, Surrey, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street



McLaughlin—Faithfull: Anne, daughter of Mr. W. H. M. McLaughlin & Mrs. Patricia McLaughlin, M.P., of Cambourne Park, Belfast, was married to Brian, son of Col. & Mrs. Charles Faithfull, of Appleshaw, near Andover, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

Mr. J. S. Crompton and Miss D. S. Elliott

The engagement is announced between John Stanley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Crompton, of Lulworth Road, Southport, and Daphne Savona, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Elliott, Pinner Road, Pinner, Middlesex.

Mr. M. B. Jackson and Miss S. C. Ainsworth

The engagement is announced between Martin Burton Jackson, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Jackson of Nepcroft, Findon, Sussex, and Miss Susan Caroline Ainsworth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Ainsworth, of Heaton Mount, Bolton, Lancashire.

Mr. J. D. R. Bradbeer and Miss M. E. Chantler

The engagement is announced between John Derek Richardson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bradbeer of Moor Lane, Whitburn, Co. Durham, and Margaret Elizabeth, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Chantler, of 30 Osbaldeston Gardens, Gosforth, Newcastle upon Tyne.

Major C. W. Diggle and Miss E. I. A. Inglefield

The engagement is announced between Christopher Wyndham, son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. L. W. Diggle, of Orchard Grange, Old Warden, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, and Albinia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Inglefield, of Egginton House, Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire.

Captain F. M. K. Tuck and Miss B. R. Z. Forbes

The engagement is announced between Francis Mitchell Kent Tuck, Royal Engineers, son of Major-General and Mrs. G. N. Tuck, of Longcroft, St. Margarets, Middlesex, and Bridget Rosemary Zilla Forbes, eldest daughter of Colonel Sir John Stewart Forbes, Bt., of Newe, and Lady Forbes, Allargue, Corgarff, Aberdeenshire.

Mr. R. N. Young and Miss G. M. A. Salmon

The engagement is announced between Neil, son of Dr. F. H. Young, O.B.E., and Mrs. Young, of The Gables, Oxted, Surrey, and Gillian, daughter of Colonel W. A. Salmon, O.B.E., and Mrs. Salmon, of Carnanton, Camden Park, Tunbridge Wells.

Mr. J. T. Harford and Miss C. J. Mullens

The engagement is announced between Timothy, son of Sir Arthur Harford, Bt., and Lady Harford, of Lockeridge Down, Marlborough, and Carolyn, daughter of Brigadier G. J. de W. Mullens, O.B.E., and Mrs. Mullens, of North House, Weyhill, near Andover.

Mr. J. D. Malcolm and Miss M. P. Livesey

The engagement is announced between James Duncan, son of Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. C. J. O. Malcolm, White's Farm, Goudhurst, Kent, and Mary Patricia, only daughter of the late Thomas Livesey, and Mrs. E. Edmondson, St. George's Hotel, Kirkham, Lancashire.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. T. Llewellyn Palmer and Miss C. L. Graham Menzies

The engagement is announced between Charles Timothy Llewellyn Palmer, M.C., M.F.H., late 7th Hussars, youngest son of the late Colonel W. Llewellyn Palmer, M.C., D.L., J.P., late 10th Hussars and 4th Btn. Wiltshire Regiment (T.A.), and the late Lady Alexandra Llewellyn Palmer, of Great Somerford, Chippenham, Wiltshire, and Cynthia Lindsay, daughter of the late W. Neil Graham Menzies and Mrs. M. J. Lindsay, of Hallyburton, Coupar Angus, Perthshire, and step-daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel M. J. Lindsay, D.S.O., late Queen's Dragoon Guards.

Mr. G. A. Lilley and Miss B. A. Plumer

The engagement is announced between George Alexander, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Lilley, of Bootle, Lancashire, and Barbara Agnes, only daughter of Mr. W. H. Plumer, C.B.E., and Mrs. Plumer, of Batchelors Barns Green, Horsham, Sussex.

Mr. C. H. Shirley and Miss A. P. Cawdron

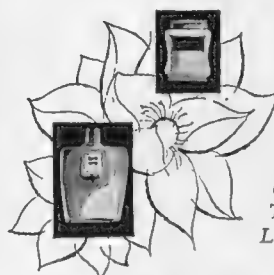
The engagement is announced between Charles Hugh, son of Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Shirley, of The Precincts, Canterbury, and Ann Pamela, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cawdron, of Pine Trees, Dennis Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex.

Dr. R. Randall and Miss T. Jeffrey

The engagement is announced of Raymond, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Randall, 19 Ewellhurst Road, Ilford, Essex, to Tanya, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Manfred Jeffrey, Hillcrest Lodge, High Bradfield, near Sheffield, Yorks.



Skins, too, wake up for Spring . . .



refreshed, cleansed and with a DEEP natural beauty. FRAICHEUR cleanses deeply, rids the face of Winter impurities. Use Fraicheur (instead of soap) with cascades of warm water and reveal the clearness of a radiant fresh skin. TONIC BLUE follows. A soothing, non-astringent lotion that refreshes, cools and leaves the skin like velvet. Use on normal, dry or sensitive skins, it completes the cleansing ready for your make-up. *The Lotus Flower, symbol of wisdom, identifies all Lancôme Skin Care Preparations.*

LANCÔME

Salon: 14 Grosvenor St., London, W.1. Mayfair 4621



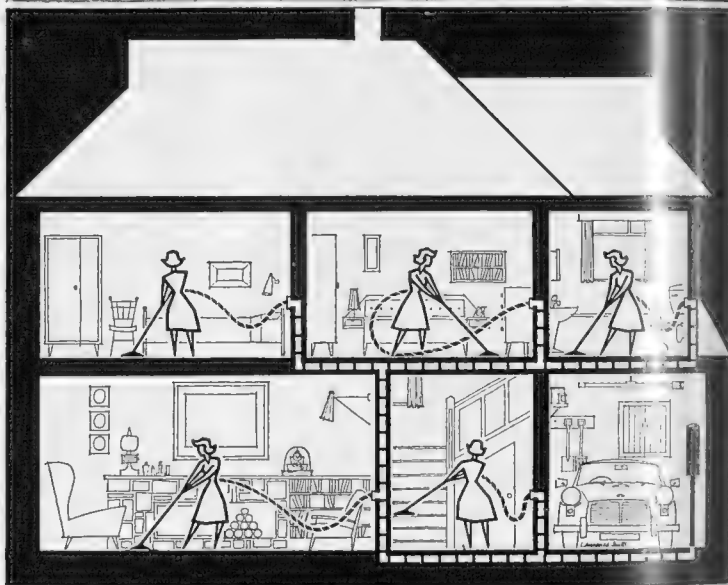
Whatever their differences...



*...everyone
has a
'double'
when it's
Vat 69
FINEST SCOTCH
WHISKY*



How simple can it get?



We started in 1901 by inventing the world's first vacuum cleaner—the famous 'Goblin'. Now we've simplified the idea; you can vacuum clean *with only a hose*. How?

There's a handy suction point in every room. No heavy cleaner to move from room to room or up and down stairs, no bending down.

Silently all the dust and dirt is piped away to a B.V.C. container (hidden in garage or cellar). What could be more hygienic? And—at the same time—the rooms are air-conditioned by a complete change of air.

B.V.C. Central Vacuumation is easily installed in new and existing homes from as little as £100 for a three-bedroom house according to the amount of piping necessary—a sound investment for a lifetime.

SEE IT AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
STAND 261 • GALLERY • GRAND HALL

B.V.C.

**CENTRAL
VACUUMATION**

To: THE BRITISH VACUUM CLEANER AND ENG. CO LTD,
Dept. V30-T2 Goblin Works, Leatherhead, Surrey. Ashted 866
Please send me fully illustrated leaflet
"B.V.C. opens the Door to a New Era in Home Cleaning"

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Classified advertisements

PERSONAL

FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES: A day to remember—a date to record. Announcements of forthcoming marriages can now be included in a most attractive style in *The Tatler* (see page 449). The rate is 1 gn. per line and details should be sent, together with remittance, to Miss D. Carding, *The Tatler*, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam Street, LONDON, W.C.2.

ADVANCES. £50 to £10,000. No security. **REGIONAL TRUST LTD.**, 8 Clifford Street, New Bond Street, W.1. REG. 5983/2914.

WRITE FOR PROFIT with the Premier School of Journalism Ltd. (Founded 1919), 53 Fleet Street, E.C.4. If you haven't earned your fees by the time you've completed the course, you get your money back. Write for free copy of "You in Print" and terms of Special Guarantee.

£10,000 TO SPEND! Old "COLT" and similar Revolvers wanted. Also Duelling and other pistols—especially in wooden boxes. Assortments of Muskets, Rifles, Swords, Daggers, Cannon and Militaria, etc., bought at terrific prices. Write—Kesterton, Townsend Street, Cheltenham. Phone 5882.

AVIAN AGENCY Require and Supply all Staff, Secretarial and Domestic. U.K. & U.S.A. Permanent and Temporary Depts. 46 Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.1. HYDE Park 5591.

ENJOY WRITING? Then write for Profit. Send for "Writer's Handbook" (free) detailing countless opportunities for beginner or experienced. "Writer's Ring" (T), 5 Edmund Street, Birmingham.

SWIM IN CRYSTAL clear water in your GILLIAM built pool by installing the new Filter. GILLIAM, The Swimming Pool Specialists, Purley, Surrey. Midlands: Unit Fools Ltd., Wolverhampton.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN JACKETS of Loch Lomond are on sale at the factory showroom, at all major Horse and Agricultural Shows or direct from DONALD MACDONALD (ANTARTEX) LTD., Renfrew, Dumbarton. Tel.: Alexandria 2393-4.

HIGHEST CASH PRICES for Diamonds, Jewellery, Gold, Antique, Modern Silver & Plate. Gold coins, Sovs., 67/- Call or post. Expert valuer sent. EDWARDES (Goldsmiths & Silversmiths) Ltd., 9 Marble Arch, London, W.1. PAD 7296.

ADVANCES BY B. S. LYLE LTD., £100-£20,000 without security. 4 St. James's Street, London, S.W.1. Whitehall 5866-7.

SCHOOL OF DESIGN AND DECORATION. The next ten-week concentrated course starts on 23rd April (part-time attendance can also be arranged). Mrs. Michael Ingham supervises the course which covers all aspects of interior design, classical and modern, with expert lectures on the history and appreciation of art, architecture, furniture, silver and china: visits to historic houses and practical sessions. Details and applications to Ingham School of Design, 10 Milner Street, S.W.3.

WEDDING PHOTOGRAPHY. We specialize. Our attendance in all parts of the British Isles is without charge or obligation. Write or telephone for particulars. **THE BELGRAVE PRESS BUREAU**, 7 West Halkin Street, London, S.W.1. Belgravia 3227/8/9.

POEMS WANTED. Send Sample(s) without obligation enclosing S.A.E. to:—Dept. TT, Arcadian Agency, Egremont, Cumberland. **IDLE MONEY?** Dibdin & Co. Ltd. (Est. 1831) give highest cash prices for unwanted jewellery, silver and plate. 189 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Belgravia 2932.

OIL PAINTINGS wanted of all periods. Single pictures or collections.—**COULTER GALLERIES**, 33 Ainstay Avenue, York. Phone 66537.

LOST! One earring! Jewellery craftsmen who will reproduce that odd earring or dress clip exactly to pattern. Jewellery repairs of all types. Call, or send by registered post, for free estimate. **Hillwoods Jewellers Ltd.**, 148 Station Road, Edgware, Middlesex. EDG. 5067.

PERSONAL

INTERIOR DESIGN CENTRE SCHOOL begins the Easter Term Diploma Course on Monday 12th March under Design Consultant Betty Horn. All applications to B. Jørgensen, Interior Design Centre, 9 Hertford Street, W.1. GRO. 5822.

SHARE-A-FLAT LTD., 175 Piccadilly, W.1. HYD. 2545. The right flat or the right person.

GUNS CAN BE VALUABLE.—We shall be pleased to examine any good quality 12, 16, 20 or .410 gun you may wish to sell. Special packing supplied, if required.—**C. B. VAUGHAN (Guns) Ltd.**, 33 Bedford Street, W.C.2. Established 175 years.

YOUR DAUGHTER would enjoy finding her office job through **STELLA FISHER BUREAU** in the STRAND.

ADVANCES £50 upwards—without security. **PERCY G. COLEMAN**, 69 Harpur Street, BEDFORD. Tel. Bedford 68101.

SUEDE CLEANING. Suede Coats, Shoes, Sheepskin Coats, Gloves, expertly cleaned. Smooth Leather Garments also a speciality. Send to **SUEDECRAFT (LIVERPOOL) LTD.**, Hawthorne Road, Litherland, Liverpool 20. Phone Bootle 3924.

WISE SECRETARIES contact **THORNHILL AGENCY** for a good job. 35 DOVER STREET, W.1. HYD. 1289.

M.S. Stands for Multiple (Disseminated) Sclerosis. M.S. may mean progressive paralysis to 40,000 teenagers and young adults in Great Britain. Listen to the B.B.C. Network 3 at 7.20 p.m. on Thursday, 22nd February, for "Research in Multiple Sclerosis" in Science Survey, to be repeated in the Home Programme at 9.10 a.m. on Saturday, 24th February. **MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS SOCIETY**, 10 Stratford Road, London, W.8.

STAMMERING. Entirely new Therapy effects cure 15/20 days. Accommodation near clinic arranged. Fees only accepted on basis of cure. **WM. C. KERR, M.A.**, Speech Specialist, St. Owen, JERSEY. Tel. Jersey 20957.

HIDE-A-KEY under bonnet. bumper, etc. Powerful Magnetic Box at 8/- inc. Post. **H. PRODUCTS**, 8 Hanover Square, London, W.1.

ARE YOU SIZE 16, 18 or 20?

(40, 42, 44 hip)
JOSEPHINE JOICE
at 5 BEAUCHAMP PLACE, S.W.3 (first floor) chooses dresses, suits, coats and evening wear just for you. The usual large selection, cosy Salon and friendly service.
Prices from £5-£55 Knightsbridge 5628

CHARITY BALL ORGANISERS

are invited to contact
THE RANELAGH PRESS
regarding the printing of Souvenir Brochures. Unrivalled service coupled with financial economy. For information or representative to call, write to
PARK END • SOUTH HILL PARK • NW3
Telephones: HAMpstead 5001 and 4400

RETIRING?

It's cheaper in the
ISLE OF MAN

- No Death Duties
- No Surtax
- Low Income Tax
- Mild Climate
- Wonderful Scenery
- 30 minutes by Air (from Liverpool)

Illustrated brochure from
S. V. KERMODE
Government Information Bureau
13 Victoria Street • Douglas • Isle of Man

PERSONAL

MIGRAINE? Lasting relief has been found. Write ex-sufferer (M.A. Cantab.). Box 651.

FOR FLATS AND HOUSES in Belgravia and Central London Areas please communicate your enquiry to **KING WOOD & COMPANY**, 147 Ebury Street, London, S.W.1. SLO. 6191 (5 lines).

LEARN BRIDGE AT HOME with your friends. Personal tuition by Gypsy Balmer. Phone FRE. 8836.

£25 to £5,000 WITHOUT SECURITY. **D. JAMES LTD.**, 69 Victoria Street, S.W.1. Phone ABBey 3557.

ELEGANT HOMES DESERVE LAMPS AND SHADES by NITA MILLER, 63a Grosvenor Street, W.1. MAYfair 0951.

LYRICS invited for setting to music. **MEHER**, c/o Excel House, Whitcomb Street, W.C.2 (Est. 1934).

"HOW TO FIND US" maps prepared. A. Fyffe, Bourne Chambers (J), St. Peter's Road, Bournemouth; 25226.

LITTLE GUIDE TO VILLAGE INNS, FARMS, HOTELS on and off the beaten track through Britain. 3/6d. postage 6d. from Victor Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

SCALP AND HAIR DISORDERS. Consultations and Treatment. Edward Goodman. Member Institute of Trichologists. 79 New Bond Street, W.1. MAYfair 6809.

CHARACTERS READ from handwriting. Details, Box 749.

SHOPPING BY POST

SPECIAL BARGAIN IRISH LINEN SHEETS 90 in. x 108 in. 2 cord, slight irregular weave, but perfect 97/- pair. Pillow cases 18 in. x 30 in. Housewife two cord 6/6 each P. & P. two 1/3, eight 2/3. Linen Catalogue 6d.; **BANFORD BLEACH** Gilford, Portadown, N. Ireland.

TWEEDS for Shooting. Country and Business Wear are our speciality; also our far-famed Ladies' Costume Tweeds. Patterns sent on request. **P. & J. HAGGART**, Woollen Manufacturers, Aberfeldy, Perthshire.

BAGPIPES, KILTS. Clan Tartans, Skirts, Rugs, Tweeds, Day and Evening Highland Dress, Lyle & Scott Knitwear. Price lists. **Hugh Macpherson (Scotland) Ltd.**, Manufacturers, T., 17 West Maitland St., Edinburgh, 12.

SECRETARIAL SERVICES

AT THE SUMMIT FOR PAY—Male and Female Secretaries/S.T.'s/C.T.'s/D.T.'s/Teles/Bkprs./Accountants/Cks/Compt. and other Machine Operators. Required for **TEMPORARY AND PERMANENT POSTS** £8-£40. No fees to Staff. Call General Manager at any of the following AGENCY branches for **PERSONAL ATTENTION**. **J. W. BEDFORD**, 11 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. (Entrance Creed Lane) CITY 2154. **IMPERIAL**, 36/38 Dean Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GER. 3728. **AINSLIES**, 1 Dover Street (Corner Piccadilly), W.1. HYD. 5995. **REED'S**, 291a Archway Road, N.6. (opposite Highgate Tube Station) MOU 7118.

TYPING & DUPLICATING

DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing (Tapes/MSS.), translating. **Mabel Eyles**, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N.11. Ent. 3324.

FACSIMILE TYPEWRITTEN LETTERS, matching-in, Addressing, **DUPLICATING**, Mailing, Statistical and General **TYPING**, Dictabelts, Tapes, Letterpress, **CALCULATING**, carried out at Moderate Charges and AT SPEED. Also **TRANSLATIONS**. Shorthand Typing, **DICTATION ROOM**. **I. T. S.** of 36/38 Dean Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GER. 7074. **J. W. B.** of 11 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4. (Entrance Creed Lane). CITY 3586.

AINSLIES of 1 Dover Street, (Corner Piccadilly), W.1. HYD. 9503.

REED'S of 291a Archway Road, N.6. (opposite Highgate Tube Station). FIT. 2241. Call or Phone General Manager of any branch for **PERSONAL ATTENTION**.

KYNOC

CLOTHS



KEITH SCOTLAND
9 STRATTON ST LONDON W 1

BEAUTY

SLIMMING BEAUTY. Madame Louise Pascal announces that she has been appointed Directrice of the accredited Institut de Beaute in England of Dr. N. G. Payot (of the Faculté de Lausanne) Paris whose Beauty Products are used exclusively in the quiet personal atmosphere of her Knightsbridge Salon. Her technique of slimming by measurements using the unique Swiss methods of invigorating Thermal Baths, Sub-Aqua Massage, Dr. G. Cunier's Deep Massage Machines, Dry Heat Baths, according to the individual need, are meeting with signal success. Skin care by specialist in French and Viennese facials. Manicure and Pedicure with Mavala Scientifique. Cold or hot wax epilation. Consultations without fee by appointment, only to ladies, on telephoning **KNightsbridge 4400**.

DR. N. G. PAYOT'S Beauty Preparations are on sale at **Galleries Lafayette**, **Selfridges**, **Roberts** of Bond Street, and other leading stores, hairdressers and chemists.

"WINTER TIME IS HAND CREAM TIME." For a supply of **ZANTHIA HAND CREAM "THE PERFECT CREAM FOR PERFECT HANDS"** send only 6/6 to 185 Torrion Road, London, S.E.6.

FIGURE CONTOURING AS CAREER or personal interest. Practical training courses spot reducing, steam baths, etc. Weekends and evenings. Brochure **The Arnould-Taylor Organisation** (London & Paris) 82 George Street, London, W.1. **WELbeck 7282**.

OIL OF ULAY, obtainable at 15/- per bottle (post free) from Thomson, Chemist, 186 Dalry Road, Edinburgh, 11.

NORTHWOOD (Middlesex). **MISS FRANCES PROCTOR** (London Diplomas) invites clients, Manicure, Massage, Diathermy, Facial Treatments. Phone Northwood 25488.

SUDDENLY YOUR THROAT is young again. Mrs. Cochrane's fantastically successful home throat rejuvenation treatment. One guinea complete, post free. **The Beauty Clinic**, 59 Chiltern Street, W.1. **WEL. 3405**.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR painlessly removed from face and body, latest advanced American methods. Special offer of trial treatment (normally 10/6) for 7/6. No charge for consultation. Appointment unnecessary, or Phone **WES. 5432** Ext. 293 **American Hair Fashion Pavilion**, Barkers of Kensington.

HAIRDRESSERS

COIFFURES OF DISTINCTION. In the relaxed atmosphere of the famous Giral Salons your hair is really cared for by specialists in every facet of hair culture. Masterly cutting, styling with a flair, expert colour rinsing and permanent waving all add up to hair styles which are enchantingly different. **Giral Ltd.**, 7 Woodside Crescent, Glasgow, C.3. **DOUGlas 4904 and 0045**.

JOHN HENRY for **HAIRDRESSING OF DISTINCTION**. Experts in colour, shaping and permanent waving. At 9 Bury Street, St. James's, S.W.1. **WHitehall 5970/7484** and at 9 Melcombe Street, Baker Street, N.W.1. **HUNter 2020/2029**.

JOAN WILLIAMS, the specialist for fine, difficult hair. Expert cutter, tinter and permanent waver. Restyling no extra charge. 63 Wilton Place, Knightsbridge. **BELgravia 5974**.

"JOHN AND NANSI" invite you to their **Knightsbridge Studio** for individual restyling, shampoo, set £1.3.0. **Belgravia 2437**.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

EDUCATIONAL

FREE ADVICE based on 88 years' experience on the choice of **SCHOOLS and TUTORS** Domestic Science, Secretarial, Finishing Schools, etc., is obtainable from the **GABBITAS-THRING EDUCATIONAL TRUST**

Broughton House, 6, 7, 8, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1 (Regent 0161)

ST. GODRIC'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE RESIDENT AND DAY STUDENTS. Next courses for English and foreign students start 1st May and 11th September, 1962. Apply to J. W. Loveridge M.A. (Cantab.), the Principal, St. Godric's College, 2 Arkwright Road, London, N.W.3. Tel.: HAMstead 9831.

SECRETARIAL TRAINING—Intensive courses in shorthand, typewriting, book-keeping and secretarial practice. Prospectus—The Oxford and County Secretarial College, 34 St. Giles, Oxford.

LANGHAM SECRETARIAL COLLEGE prepares girls of G.C.E. standard for interesting posts. Usual subjects including languages. Standard and I.B.M. electric typewriters. Good hostel accommodation. New courses September. Prospectus from Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, London, W.1.

SCHOOL OF DRESSMAKING. Ann Darbyshire (formerly with Constance Spry), 68 Glebe Place, S.W.3. FLA. 7987. Diploma and short courses for teaching girls to make their own clothes. Prospectus from 93 Elizabeth Street, S.W.1. SLO. 4911.

TANTE MARIE SCHOOL OF COOKERY. Working 4050. Principal: Iris Syrett. One year's Cordon Bleu/Arts Menagers' Diploma Course and Three Months' Cuisine Courses for Girls at Unique Attractive School. Refresher Courses in French Cookery.

CORSETTIERES

RIGBY & PELLER, 12 South Molton Street, W.1. MAYfair 6703
By Appointment to H.M. The Queen Corsettières
Corsets, Corsettes, Brassières, Swimsuits, Maternity Foundations individually designed and made-to-measure by EXPERTS.

THE FINEST CORSETS & SWIMSUITS combining Comfort with Elegance, are made to measure by **MACMILLAN CORSETTIERES LTD** 17 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. (KEN. 9925)
Brochure T.A. on request.

MATERNITY WEAR

"ELEGANCE MATERNELLE"—London's Fashion Rendezvous for Maman-to-be, gay exclusive models, so delightfully different. 5 Thayer St., W.1. & 199 Sloane St., S.W.1. (Free illustrated brochure on request).
"MATERNELLE" Baby Boutique for Layette and delightful baby wear, now open 199a Sloane Street, S.W.1.

HAUTE COUTURE

ANNE GERRARD LTD., Haute Couture, has model clothes for every occasion at reasonable prices. Call 27 Bruton Street, W.1. MAYfair 2500.

TAILORING

HIGHLAND OUTFITTERS. Day and evening wear, all accessories, Kilts (Ladies', Gents', Children's), Kilt Jackets, Sporrans, Sgian-Dhus, Etc. **TARTAN SKIRTS.** Special Export department. Write JOHN MORRISON, DEPT. T.T., 461 Lawnmarket, Edinburgh.

DRESS AGENCIES

PHYLLIS KAY, 35A Thayer St., W.1. Buys and sells gowns, suits, etc., from well-known model houses and haute couture. Hunter 2638.

VOGUE, BRITAIN'S LARGEST BUYERS, purchase model evening gowns, day dresses, suits, coats, hats. Post parcels for offer. 59 Kensington Church St., W.8. WES. 3291.

DRESSMAKING

MARYTHE LTD., 17 Dover Street, W.1 (HYDe Park 1361). Second floor. High class Dressmakers will copy their exclusive French models at reasonable prices and make up your own materials, expert French fitters, and from now on are showing a very select collection of Ready-to-Wear Dresses.

CHINESE COUTURE—Oriental Fashions. Dresses and Kimonos, smart and elegant, easy to pack. Miss K. Sung, 1 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. Knightsbridge 5953.

DRESS FABRICS

LINEN:—Irish Linen, crease resisting 9/11—15/11 yd. "Springbak" 15/11. Patterns on loan. J. Lyle Hall, Donegall Place, Belfast 1.

IRISH LINEN: "MOYGASHEL" REGD. Dressweight 9/11 yd. Write for Patterns (Returnable) of these and other fascinating "Moygashel" fabrics including "FUN-FAYRE" 6/11 yd. V. R. McKay, 22 Perry Street, Dungannon, Tyrone, N.I.

HAND LAUNDRIES

SAME DAY LAUNDRY SERVICE by London's finest Hand Laundry. Ladies' and gentlemen's fineries collected, beautifully hand laundered, delivered to you the SAME DAY, of course without laundry marks. Also One-day, Two-day and Postal Service. For this superb luxury service, telephone **EXPRESS HAND LAUNDRY LTD.,** at 168 Earls Court Road, S.W.5. FRObisher 2345.

YOUR PERSONAL WORK and household linen beautifully handlaundered by The White Elephant Laundry of Old Town. S.W.4. Call MACaulay 1202 for details.

INVISIBLE MENDING

INVISIBLE MENDING. Burns, tears, moth damage. Also knitwear and all repairs. **QUICKSTITCH LTD.,** (3) Removed to 26 Carnaby Street, W.1. REGent 1140.

DYEING

"CURTAIN CALL." Colour removed from faded curtains and re-dyed the colour of your choice. Estimates and advice given free of charge. Phone HUN. 9966. Postal service, Curtain Call, 10 Kendall Place, London, W.1.

FURS

SELLING YOUR FUR COAT? Then bring or send it for a fair cash offer. Inquiries invited. D. Curwen Dept. T., 7a Melcombe Street, Baker Street, N.W.1 (established 40 years).

FUR HIRE

HIRE—BE GLAMORIZED IN MINK, an elegant fur from a wonderful selection, including all the Mutation colours, no deposit, brochure sent on request. Furs hired for use at home & abroad. Overseas visitors can enjoy our hire service on special terms for long periods. Completely confidential service. **TWENTIETH CENTURY FUR HIRERS LTD.,** 10 PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1. MAYfair 2711.

SHOES

NARROW FEET are normal at ELLIOTT. Write now for brochure-invitation to "Narrow Fitting Fortnight" in March. ELLIOTT, 112 Westbourne Grove, W.2. (also Brompton Road, Knightsbridge).

PORTRAITS

PORTRAIT in oil on canvas, (life size) from photo, £30. Baldwin Smith, A.R.C.A., Kenwin Studio, Little Shelford, Cambs.

INTERIOR DECORATING

INTERIOR DESIGN CENTRE. 9 Hertford Street, GRO 5822. Beautiful Exclusive Designs and all branches of Interior Design covered. Furniture, all Soft Furnishings, Carpets, Household Linen supplied. Expert craftsmen.

FOR SALE

BINOCULARS—U.S.A. NAVAL 7 x 50. Value £60 for £24. Charles Frank, Saltmarket, Glasgow. Phone: Bell. 2000.

PHILATELY

STAMP DISPOSAL is our business. Do you know our business? We do! For the most appreciated results contact—Plymouth Philatelic Auctions Ltd., 34 New Street, Plymouth.

FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

LEARN TO ARRANGE FLOWERS expertly by attending five practical lessons—tuition FREE of charge. Details from **FOUR SEASONS FLOWERS,** 11 New Quebec Street, London, W.1. AMB. 6611.

GARDENING

BLUE GERANIUM Large, brilliant, blue flowers in profusion. Light, medium or dark blue. Fully hardy all year round. 35/- dozen. J. MACGREGOR, Rare Plant Specialist, LARKHALL, Lanarkshire.

ENTERTAINMENT

BILL SAVILL will be pleased to arrange an Orchestra of any size for your Private or Anniversary Dance, etc. 7 Windmill Hill, Ruislip, Middlesex. Ruislip 6812.

MAGIC FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES artistically presented by Webbing Tyler, Member of Magic Circle. 64 Park Chase, WEMbley 1935.

GEORGE BOOTH and his **MUSIC,** Formal or Costume. 9a Streatham Place, S.W.2. TULse Hill 1937.

RUDY ROME & ORCHESTRA Late, WELLINGTON CLUB, COLONY, HUNGARIA. ARNOLD 7542.

LES COLLINS and his **MUSIC** for your ball or party. 25 Woodbourne Avenue, S.W.16. STR. 3893.

TOMMY KINSMAN ORCHESTRAS, 8 Rutland Gate, S.W.7. KNightsbridge 5453 and 5977.

NAT TEMPLE and his **ORCHESTRA.** Delighted to quote. Any distance. 23 Roedean Crescent, S.W.15. PROspect 9333.

ADRIAN HOPE'S DANCE BAND will play for 1962's most successful dances Ring (p.m.) HAM. 6244.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES, COMEDY CONJURER in your home. Book Leslie Fry, Member of Magic Circle, 5 South Street, Hythe, Hants.

PRIVATE PARTY CATERING

WEDDINGS, DANCES and other receptions (in town or country) become a memorable success with Harrods expert catering. Details from Harrods Hire & Catering Service, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. or SLOane 1234, extension 865.

HALL & ROBERTS. Private party caterers and ball furnishers. 22 Leicester Square, W.C.2. Tel.: WHI 0453.

FOR YOUR NEXT IMPORTANT OCCASION, consult the Catering Specialists, **DREWETT LTD.,** of Rugby, Warwickshire. Phone 4171.

DISTINGUISHED CATERING for Parties, Receptions, Buffets, Dinners that come to your Home, etc. Hire and Service. **DEBRY,** 191 Brompton Road, S.W.3. Tel.: KEN. 2733 and 5406. We cater for the Connoisseur.

CATERING. All occasions. Weddings a Speciality. **FREEMANTLE** 4864 before 10 a.m. Diana Dee, 7a Clareville Street, S.W.7.

FOR ORIGINAL IDEAS on buffets at Balls, Dances, Cocktail parties and other receptions consult "COOK & BUTLER—May we help you?" 20 Southfield Gardens, Twickenham, POPEsgrove 9714. Swedish and international cooking. Our specialities also supplied ready for your table.

RESTAURANTS

CHEZ CICCIO, 38c Kensington Church Street W.8. (WES. 2005.) Elegant Kensington restaurant for gourmets.

CHARLIE CHAN'S, 166 Strand opposite Bush House. Easy parking. Licensed to 11 p.m. TEM. 8130. Open Sundays.

LOTUS HOUSE, 61-69 Edgware Road, W.2 (AMB 4109/4341). London's latest Chinese Restaurant. Open noon to 2 a.m. inc. Sundays. Fully licensed. Music and Dancing.

TRUE TO A HUNDRED YEARS' TRADITION OF EXCELLENCE . . .

BOULOGNE RESTAURANT

Victorian décor French cuisine
27 GERRARD ST., SOHO, W.1. GER. 3186
PRIVATE ROOMS FOR MEETINGS,
BANQUETS, WEDDINGS, REUNIONS, ETC.

LE P'TIT MONTMARTRE

Marylebone Lane, Wigmore St., W.1
DELICIOUSLY FRENCH

REASONABLE WINES

GAY PARIS DECOR

GUITAR MUSIC

You MUST Try

Les Spécialités Flambees de M. Georges

Open to 12.30 a.m. Order by 11.15 p.m.

OPEN SUNDAY EVENINGS 7 to 11 p.m.

Good Parking Facilities evenings

RETENEZ LA TABLE!! WELbeck 2992

HOTELS

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL, Baker Street, London, W.1. A new fifty room hotel, offering West End cuisine and service, at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Illustrated brochure sent on request. **AMBassador 2732** (5 lines). Off season rates until March 31st.

OPEN ALL YEAR ROUND the **POPULAR "OAKDALE" GUEST HOUSE** at **NEWTON FERRERS, Nr. PLYMOUTH S. DEVON.** (Noted Beauty Spot) Large comfortable family rooms available with own luxury bathroom and lobby. C.H. and C.H.W. Sun Verandah. Children and Animals welcome. Sailing, Fishing, Sea Bathing Riding, good Touring Centre, own Jetty and Moorings. Book through London Secretary, Mrs. Taylor, 49 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. CITY 2912 (evenings ELStre 5688).

PALM COURT HOTEL, SEA FRONT TORQUAY. Ideally situated for winter holiday. Central heating. Open all the year round. Write for brochure. Phone 4881. Three star hotel.

CORNWALL, PORTHLEVEN, Tye Rock Hotel. Adjoining beach. Views Lizard, Land's End. A.A., R.A.C., S.A.E. Brochure.

BY DALMALLY, Argyll. **ARDBRECK-NISH HOUSE HOTEL.** A fine old country house in Western Highlands; hospitable, comfortable, good table, cellar, Fishing, loch boating. Tel: Kilchrenan 223.

THE WARREN HOTEL, CHEREY-ST. MARY, DEVON. AA/RAC Country House Hotel, set in lovely grounds. Close to Sidmouth. Good Food. Every Comfort. Licensed. Write terms or Phone. Oferty 104.

MANWINNION HOTEL, LAMORNA, PENZANCE. Situated in own grounds overlooking beautiful Lamorna Valley. Opening Easter. Mid-week bookings. Inclusive terms. Apply brochure.

DULAS COURT, Country House Hotel, Pontrilas, Herefordshire. Warmth, comfort, good food, good wine. Rough shooting, Riding, Trout fishing. Salmon fishing on Wye available. Terms from 10 gns. No extras. Special terms for permanent residents, furnished or unfurnished.—Manager, M. W. McL. BARKER. Tel: Pontrilas 214

LE TOUQUET, HOTEL BRISTOL. ***A. Nr. sea. Garden, renowned restaurant. Open all year round. Special terms low season.

OLD OAK COTTAGE HOTEL, Minster, nr. Canterbury. Tel.: Minster 229. A 14th-century retreat with ultra modern appointments, and Irish hospitality. Egon Ronay and Ashley Courtenay recommended. Six main dishes served daily. Fully licensed.

THE EYPE'S MOUTH HOTEL

EYPE, BRIDPORT. Tel. 3300. Unique lovely rural surroundings overlooking the sea. Beach 5 mins. Fine food and wine. Always open.

GLOUCESTER HOTEL WEYMOUTH

Famous since George III's reign for comfort, cuisine and "cellar." Sunnily positioned overlooking Weymouth Bay and always in season. A.A. 3-star. Tel. 404

SPRING - SUMMER - HOLIDAYS!

RELAX IN BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS

FARRINGFORD HOTEL

Freshwater, Isle of Wight

Once the stately home of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Set in over 250 acres glorious Downs, Parkland and Gardens. Near sea and lovely beaches. Modern Cocktail Bars, superb cuisine, central heating, television, well-known Resident Musicians, tennis, badminton, putting green, own riding stables. Golf and sailing.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE OR TELEPHONE FRESHWATER 312
A VISIT TO FARRINGFORD IS A MUST

Rest . . . relax . . . recoup

EAST CLIFF COURT HOTEL

Bournemouth
A modern hotel high on the cliffs, adjacent to and under the same management as the famous.

★★★★ CARLTON HOTEL

Designed and superbly appointed for gracious living. Phone Bmth 24545

THE REGAL FLAVOUR OF SCOTLAND...



The golden trout, gleaming Scottish game fish. Number 3 of a series, specially painted for Chivas Regal by John Leigh Pemberton.

THE FLICK OF A FLY ACROSS A DEEP POOL . . . the exhilarating tug of a fighting fish. The flavour of such exciting moments is the flavour of Scotland — and so is the splendid taste of Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky. More than a century-and-a-half of tradition shapes the making of Chivas Regal — a skilful blend of Scotland's finest grain and malt whiskies, matured for 12 years before bottling.

Such a superb whisky costs more, naturally. Discerning people gladly pay more. For here you taste the glory of the Prince of Whiskies — that magnificent something extra that's the regal flavour of Scotland.

SCOTLAND'S PRINCE OF WHISKIES

CHIVAS REGAL

12-YEARS-OLD 75° proof 52/- Plus 2/6 Temporary Duty Surcharge



By appointment to
Her Majesty The Queen,
Purveyors of Provisions
and Scotch Whisky.
CHIVAS BROS. LTD.,
of Aberdeen.
Established since 1801.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOTT ERWITT • DRESS BY BAZAAR

The fabulous treasures of golden centuries

Spellbound in the afternoon sunlight, this stately Spanish interior glitters with the pride and dignity of old Spain. Not least among its treasures is the Harveys Bristol sherry, a sherry that, for two centuries, has belonged to the princely way of life. Like art it is ageless. Like art, it never grows old. And when you taste it, you recognise it. At once.



By Appointment
To Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
And Merchants
John Harveys & Sons Ltd
Bristol

HARVEYS *of Bristol*



Painted by Julian Trevelyan

Shell guide to STAFFORDSHIRE



If you want to know about the china and earthenware on their shelves or in your cabinet, go to the Potteries Museum at Stoke-on-Trent, the sturdy centre of grimy furnaces and long lines of grimy houses in this sturdy county of industrial smoke and coal mines and rising moorland of millstone grit. Here, on the right, stands a bust of the great potter Josiah Wedgwood (1) (1730-1795), next to a blue jasper-ware vase (2) from his factory at Etruria in Stoke-on-Trent. Below, a little man on horseback (3), one of Staffordshire's extraordinary salt-glaze figurines. Also a pint mug (4) in Mocha ware or "spit ware", a characteristic product on which the fernlike ornament was made by spitting tobacco juice or an extract of tansy into the wet glaze.

Staffordshire's economy was founded on canals, on the work of the redoubtable canal engineer James Brindley (5) (1716-1772), seen on the left of the picture, builder of the Grand Trunk Canal. Another of the sturdy characters of this sturdiest county was the preacher Hugh Bourne (1772-1852), adding God to mammon, comfort to misery, indicated here by his yellow chapel (6), from Hanley. He was founder of the Primitive Methodists. No image of the county would be complete without a fourth character of millstone grit, Dr Samuel Johnson (7) (1709-1784), of gentler Lichfield, sad fierce poet and, according to taste, sage or intellectual bully, admirable or detestable Dr Blunt, a rude Brains Trust all in himself. Izaak Walton (8), born in Stafford in 1593, represents a milder rurality, though recent discovery has shown his Compleat Angler to have been largely plagiarism of another man's work. For contrast of industrial and pre-industrial, go to Abbots Bromley, on the Needwood Forest road, for the forest horn dancers. The horns, or horn masks (9), kept in Abbots Bromley church, are "out" every year on the Monday following the first Sunday after September 4th.

The "Shell Guide to Wild Life", a monthly series depicting animals and plants in their natural surroundings, which gave pleasure to so many people, is published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd at 7/6. The "Shell Guide to Trees" and "Shell Guide to Flowers of the Countryside" are also available at 7/6 each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF



The key to the Countryside



Schweptacular

TV

schweppsicolor

It is with pride and a queer feeling of humility that we celebrate the successful opening this year of the New Wavelength TELEVISION SCHWEPPSICOLOR.

The colour is not only like life; it is, in the great tradition of Schweppshire, more so, adding point to the hitherto only faintly interesting. "Colours should be coloured". Gaudier Schwepska laid down this thought for us very clearly in our Sunday Art programme "Prefect".

Should the girl in the problem play send the postcard? No need to emphasise the additional realism if the letter-box is shown to be red.

Think of the wealth of very old material we shall be so glad to see again in tints: The Scarlet Pimpernel, Yellowsands, Rose Marie, Snow White and Little Red Riding Hood—all will have a new validity if the 300th revival is in the New Process.

For International Athletics, although the point of the whole thing is to take part and to have fun, there is no harm, since the competitors when they are not standing to attention for the national anthems are hop skipping and jumping in their national colours, if these flags are made unmistakable in Schweppsicolor. Sex, it may be noted, is more so in colour, and in our week-end Schweptacular, the chorus of ninety look particularly

interesting in pink, even if, on your screen, the legs are only two thirds of an inch long.

FITMENT. The adapter to your existing set is so simple that all you need is an insert mechanism for diecast case with centre toggle to the ordinary two speed timebase switch and a cold cathode trigger utilising varying reluctance. With "equilibration steady" the watchword, you, the handy man of the house, can give the children a happy Sunday while they watch you at work.



Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

HIGHLAND WEAR

BY CAIRDS

Highland Dress for Ladies, Men, Girls and Boys, tailored by a company with over 80 years experience in Kilt outfitting

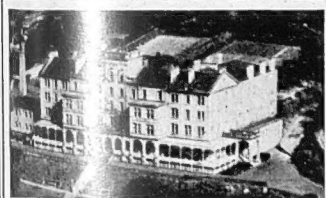


Send for our fully illustrated brochure on traditional Highland Dress to...

CAIRDS

REFORM STREET • DUNDEE
ALSO AT PERTH, ST. ANDREWS AND ELGIN

THE GLENBURN HOTEL



The Glenburn offers every facility for a perfect holiday. Delightfully situated on the Isle of Bute, it commands unsurpassed views of Rothesay Bay and the Firth of Clyde. The accommodation, service, and cuisine make the hotel one of the finest in Scotland. Private suites; 3 lounges; 2 cocktail bars; TV room; games room; ballroom; tennis court; golf; etc. Send for illustrated brochure.

ISLE OF BUTE

Manager W. A. Jolly. Tel.: Rothesay 500
A.A. R.A.C. R.S.A.C.

*For friends
at home
and overseas...*

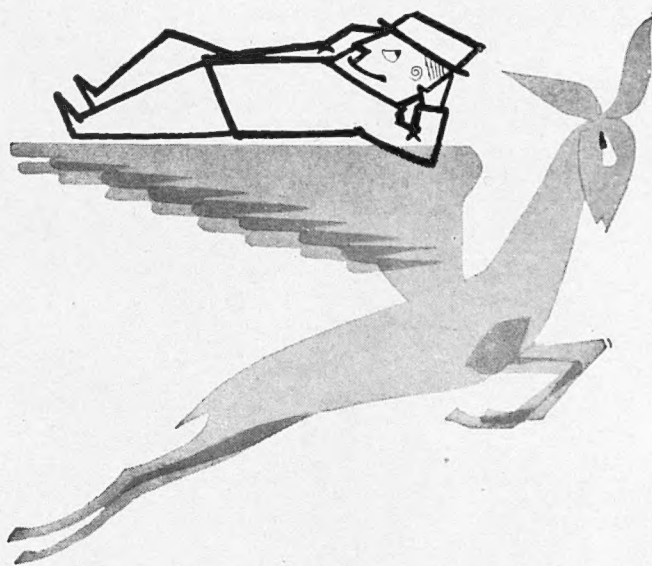
... a subscription to THE TATLER makes a splendid, long-lasting gift—and it's so easy to give!

Twelve months Home: £7.14.0
Overseas: £7.18.6
Canada: £7.1.0

Your Newsagent will arrange a subscription, or write to: The Publisher, Ingram House, 13-15 John Adam St., London, W.C.2



Air comfort to SOUTH AFRICA



Five days a week in both directions the giant BOEING 707 AIRLINERS OF SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

wing their way swiftly between London and Johannesburg, carrying their passengers in supreme comfort to and from both cities, with calls and stop-over facilities at important points en route.

Flight in these stratojets is the smoothest and quietest ever offered to air travellers.

JOHANNESBURG—AUSTRALIA

Services by S.A.A.'s DC-7B aircraft via Mauritius and the Cocos Islands enable you to continue to Australia for little more than the direct London-Australia fare.

SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

(IN ASSOCIATION WITH BOAC, CAA, EAA AND QANTAS)

CONSULT YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS
107 NEW BOND STREET
LONDON, W.1

For reservations please ring HYDe Park 3424
or, after office hours VICToria 2323

HOLIDAY ACCOMMODATION

In the top sunshine town, CINTRA Hotel, SWANAGE, Dorset, offers you the ideal family holiday; Seaside, Good food, Large garden and "Baby-listening." Write or telephone for brochure and terms. Swanage 2198.

TRAVEL

MENTON, Hotel de Venise, Central, select. Beautiful gardens. Menton's best appointed Hotel: 170 rooms, 120 bathrooms.—A. SOMAZZI.

SOUTH OF FRANCE—Villas, apartments, etc. For renting 1962 summer season. Early bookings advisable. Detailed enquiries to Allen Walters & Co. Ltd., 6a St. John's Hill, London, S.W.11.

HOLIDAYS

WATER SKI-ING HOLIDAYS for beginners, Costa Brava. Write now for brochure: ACE WATER SKI CLUB, 185 Harfield Road, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

CRUISES

SPECIAL 5-DAY SHORT SEA CRUISES in luxurious Transatlantic Ocean Liners (20,000 to 50,000 tons) at the fantastic price of only 19 gns. Children under 12 half-fare. Send for "Short Sea Cruise" Brochure. SIMTOURS LTD. (Dept. T), 28 Southampton Street, London, W.C.2. TEM. 1845.

MOTOR CARS

1961 ROLLS-ROYCE, SILVER CLOUD

Series 2, V-8 engine, shell grey and steel blue, with red interior, power-assisted steering, electrically operated windows, twin speaker radio, 9,600 miles only; this car has full Rolls-Royce history and has just had schedule C service. The price is £5,650. Confidential hire purchase and part exchange with pleasure.

HADLEY GREEN GARAGES Ltd.

202/4 High Street, Barnet
Barnet 0332/9558/9988

REMOVALS

ARMY & NAVY STORES, Westminster, S.W.1, for reliable removals (home and overseas), warehouse, furniture depositors, excellent storage. Estimates free. CHISwick 8446 (Victoria 1234).

JOSEPH MAY Ltd. move promptly, expertly, cheerfully. Return loads cut costs. Estimate free from 31-37 Whitfield Street, W.2, Museum 2411.

LONDON FURNISHED FLATS & HOUSES

FOR A LARGE COMPLIMENTARY list of better furnished flats and houses for short holidays or longer tenancies central or suburban London, write or telephone Douglas McInnes, 24 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KNI. 6561. Overseas enquiries promptly answered airmail.

BOOKS

PENGUINS BY POST. Full range. Orders to, and free list from specialists. RIVIERA BOOKSHOP, Mylor, Falmouth, Cornwall.

SITUATIONS WANTED

AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. Excellent selection Domestic Staff: Cook-generals, Cook-housekeepers, Mother's Helps, Married Couples, Gardeners, etc.; also Children's Nannies and Governesses for positions throughout England. Under distinguished patronage. Immediate attention assured.—Slough Employment Agency, 30/32 William Street, Slough. Tel.: 24141 (4 lines). Established 1946. (Hotel staff also supplied throughout England.)

YOUNG GERMAN GIRL in her early twenties (qualified maternity and children's nurse) wishes to come to this country to work and learn English. Applicant has very good family background and has had special training in post-natal nursing. (Certificates available.) She would like to spend a long period in this country with English family having young children. Please write to Box No. 750.

EXECUTIVE 26 years of age, Public School Education and Wide Experience, seeks new position as Personal Aide, Secretary or similar. Travel Home or Abroad. Alexander J. Lemmy, 78 Swan Road, West Drayton, Middlesex.



never
go
without
a
CAPSTAN

C.C 75C

Think of your next move—in smoking. It could be a move with the times . . . to Capstan. For the modern Capstan represents a rare achievement: it is a cigarette that people are glad to turn to. One of the secrets is the absolute consistency of every Capstan in every pack; each one is electronically measured and tested. Not a Capstan touches your lips that hasn't won through on sheer individual merit. When you smoke Capstan you're smoking a very, very good cigarette. Your move!

